MAD MONKEES RAVE-OUT!

FLIP®
teen magazine

JAN. 35¢ IND

RINGO AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!

DONOVAN
JOHN LEYTON
HERMAN BEAT
NOEL H.
DRAKE L.

INSIDE THE RAIDERS!
EXCLUSIVE NEW COLUMN BY THEIR BEST FRIEND!

MAMAS & PAPAS
ASSOCIATION
RANDY KIRBY BEACH BOYS

PRIZE POP COLUMNS!
INSIDE CARNABY STREET

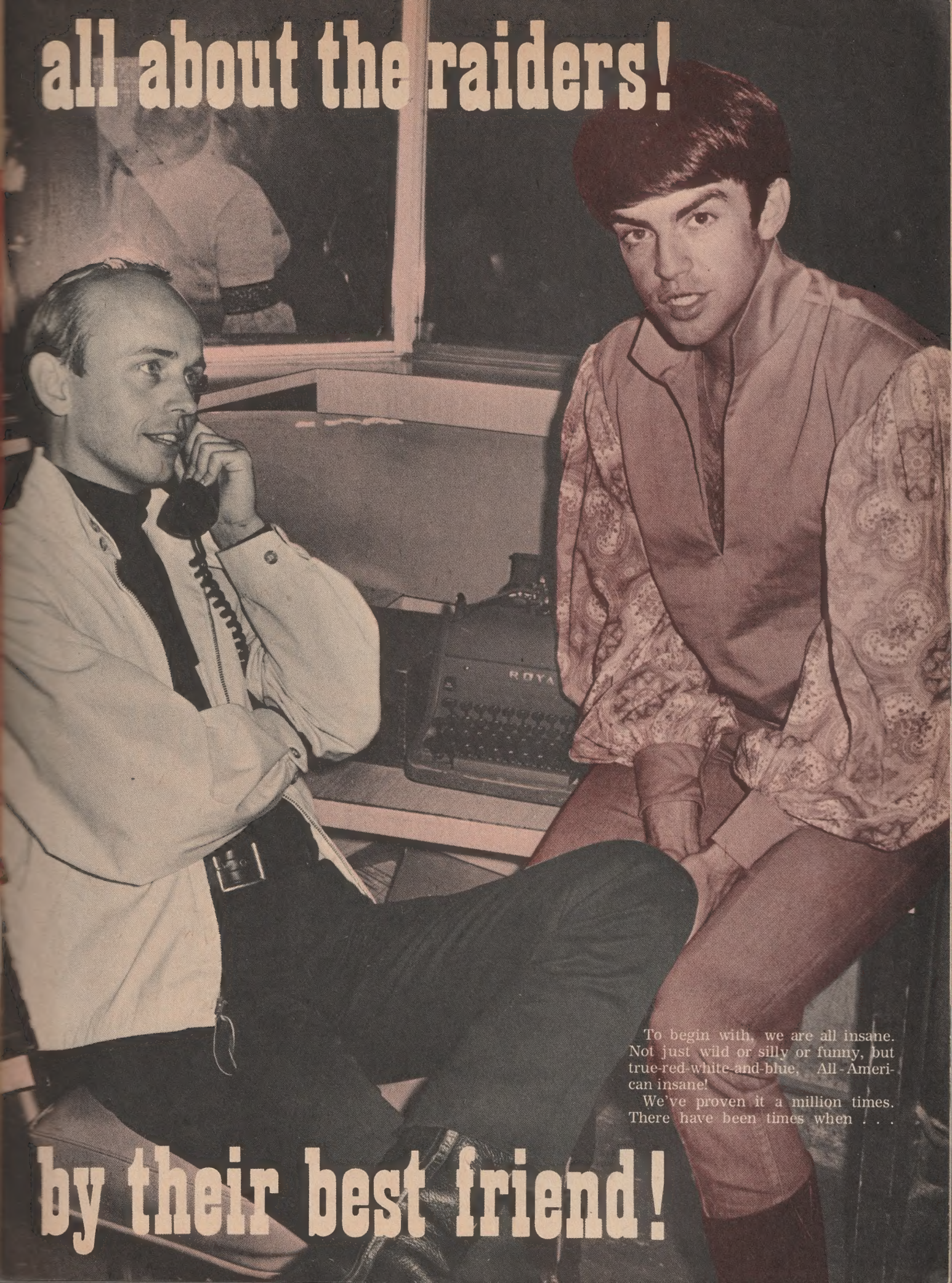
CHAD AND JEREMY
ROBBS
SPONFUL

WHERE THE ACTION IS
ON THE FLIP SIDE
OUR MAN FROM UNKLE!
HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

KINKS

FLIP teen magazine

all about the raiders!



To begin with, we are all insane. Not just wild or silly or funny, but true-red-white-and-blue, All-American insane!

We've proven it a million times. There have been times when . . .

by their best friend!

ROGER'S RAIDER RAVE-OUT!

well, there have been times when. All The Raiders are fantastic practical jokers, but they're never vicious or mean or nasty (when anyone's watching) and they never do anything to anyone else that they wouldn't pull on themselves or each other (when anyone's watching)—which makes all their escapades OK. You can't take offense, you have to love them for it. And everyone does!

Since I've been with them from the beginning and have always been close friends with the boys—not just a manager they see once a month—I'm really the sixth Raider (one of 14,234 who bear the title)—which usually makes me a prime target for their antics.

Many's the time they've kicked me out of their dressing room: The minute I walk in, Paul (crafty, conniving old man that he is) shouts, much to my embarrassment, "Get him out of here! He's crazy! Look at him!" Then the others join in, the guard takes me by the arm and leads me away (screaming), while my face turns a remarkable shade of hectic scarlet and the Raiders roar with laughter!

Sometimes, because of my ego, I introduce them on stage, standing in front of the curtain, preparing the crowd (my old disc jockey experience comes in handy every once in a while). Suddenly, the curtain surrounds me from behind and I disappear from sight. You'll never guess who did it . . .

Now don't tell them, but, so far, there are two tricks they haven't pulled: Dropping water bombs on my head and squirting fire extinguishers at me. These are the only two and it's only a matter of time before these plots enter the malicious minds of the Raiders. But please don't hurry matters and tell them! Keep poor old Roger alive for a few more months!

Paul is definitely the ringleader. Behind that clever, sneaky, despic-

FLIP

able and sly enterior lies a clever, sneaky, despicable and sly interior! Don't let him fool you! What he does, the group does, too, and he is usually thinking up some new and fantastic torture for poor old Roger. Whenever he's around, you must watch him very closely and fear for your life. When he is not around, you must panic and guard your life even more closely. When he is smiling at you serenly, you may as well forget it because the plan is already in effect and you are doomed! It's as simple as that.

I'm used to it by now—that is, almost. You see, it's been this way since the early days. Only then we drove 1950 Dodges or Chevys and now it's Continentals and Ferraris. The cars and clothes and houses are more expensive and shiny and big, but the wily minds are the same.

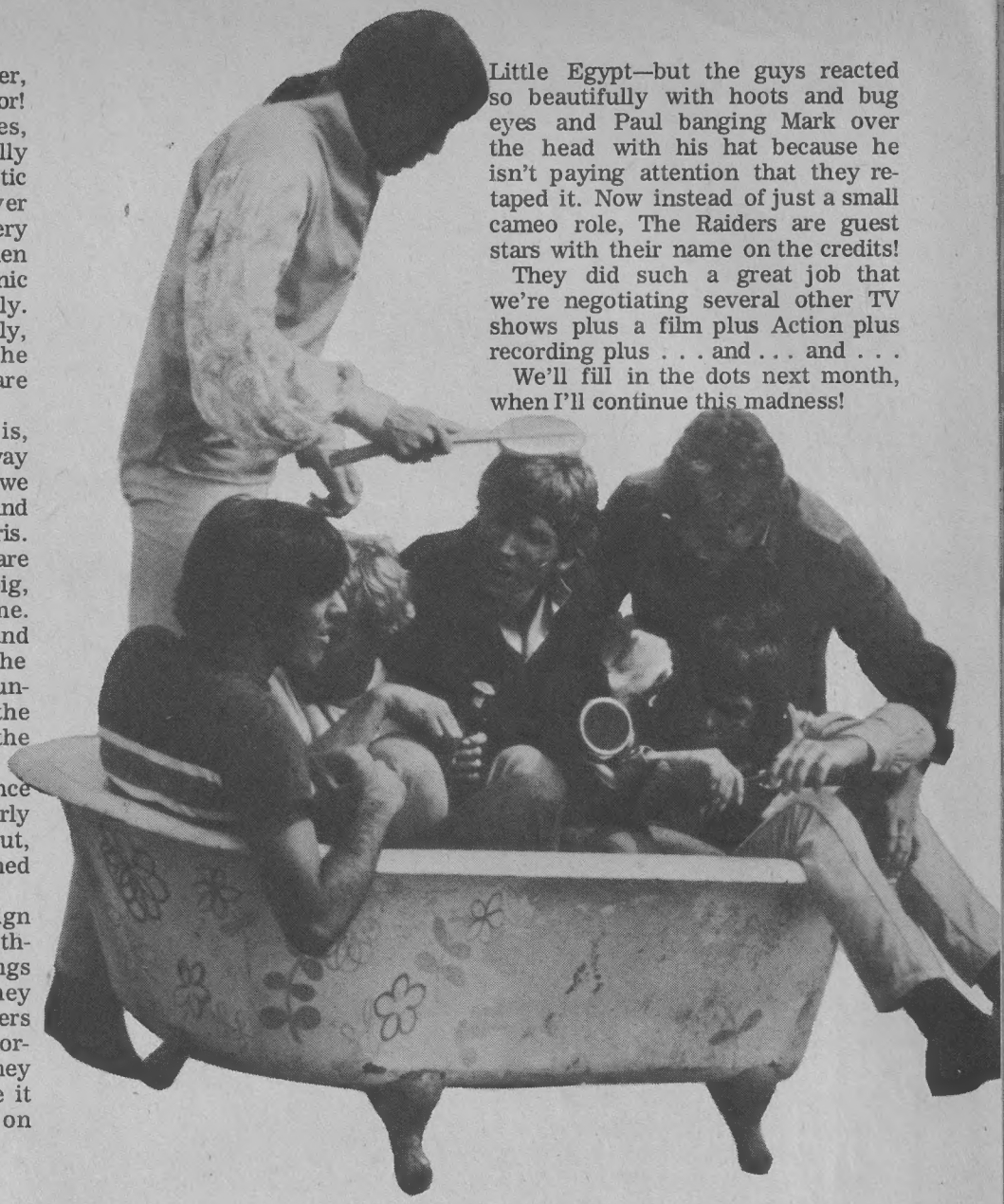
Their zaniness is unplanned and unrehearsed, however. When the guys tape "Action," the first run-through is often used instead of the final tape because it's strictly off the tops of their heads.

And take their guest appearance on "Batman." Their part was clearly written and outlined and blocked out, but, as usual, the whole thing turned out a bit different and funnier.

They play The Penguin's campaign band—he's running for Mayor of Gotham City. After playing some songs like "Yankee Doodle Dandy," they bring on Little Egypt. The Raiders play while she dances, but being normal healthy American males, they go slightly insane. The first time it was taped, the cameras were just on Little Egypt—but the guys reacted so beautifully with hoots and bug eyes and Paul banging Mark over the head with his hat because he isn't paying attention that they re-taped it. Now instead of just a small cameo role, The Raiders are guest stars with their name on the credits!

They did such a great job that we're negotiating several other TV shows plus a film plus Action plus recording plus . . . and . . . and . . .

We'll fill in the dots next month, when I'll continue this madness!



WHO IS ROGER HART?

Roger Hart is very thin and this is probably because he rarely sleeps and never eats.

He rarely sleeps and never eats because he works too hard and this is probably because he is the manager of Paul Revereand the Raiders.

It is, not to put too fine point on it, not easy working for Paul Revere. He is clown, musician, bully, miser, commander, tyrant conqueror and it is just as well that he is also a likeable *man.*

Roger Hart is a likeable man too, and he admires Paul Revere more than any other man on earth. He wouldn't work as his manager if this were not the case.

They met in Portland, Oregon several years ago when Roger was a disc jockey and Paul was—then as now—a leader of a group.

Roger liked the group and admired Paul's leadership; so he decided, with Paul's backing, to set out and spread the word beyond the state lines of Oregon and Idaho.

He is a very fine young man! I regard him as one of my best friends and I know that he always will be, for he is loyal and steadfast.

He has a quick, accurate recall of people and events; he is musical (an oboe player) and vocal (an excellent broadcaster).

Paul Revere and the Raiders are lucky to have Roger Hart.

Roger Hart is fortunate to have Paul Revere and the Raiders.

And the best of it is, they all know it.

So do I.

By Derek Taylor

FLIP FLAP

Every afternoon, when the phones have stopped ringing and the typewriters have stopped clacking, I walk over to the day's mail and read every single letter which is addressed to FLIP FLAP. I've found that that's the greatest way to make sure that I don't overlook a single letter or a postcard.

So, if you have anything to say, please say it—and send it to: FLIP FLAP, Box 425, New York, N.Y. 10021. You have my personal promise that what you write will be read!

Since I know you're the only magazine worth reading, I'm asking you just what happened to Brian Jones. Could you tell me what happened to his left arm? Thanks, in advance.

Betty Sue Bowser
(A Worried Fan)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Lost of hysterical rumors have been going around. This IS what really happened: Brian, while vacationing in Tangiers, broke his arm. It's as simple, and sad, as that. But he's feeling much better, although the arm is still giving him some difficulty, and he called to ask us to thank you (and everyone else who's been asking) for your thoughtful get-well wishes.

To put it mildly, I was shocked to read a letter from a girl in November's issue of FLIP saying that Keith Allison's glory was not due to his own talents but to his likeness to Paul McCartney. How could she say that? Keith has proven over and over again that the talent and personality are entirely his.

Ruth Matthews
Houston, Texas

Your letter, Ruth, is representative of the hundreds we received on behalf of kinky Keith. We're with you!

Sally Field is just wonderful! I wrote a letter to her, and she sent me a beautiful autographed picture. I hope you print this so I can show her how grateful I am.

Kathy Gore
Whiteville, N.C.

Since Sally is a raving FLIP-er, I'm sure she'll see this and receive your thanks. Most stars we know are as gracious as Sally.

My girlfriends and I were very disappointed not to meet Paul Revere & The Raiders when they were on tour. I always read about girls who get to meet them. How can that girl be me?

Martha Jester
Winston-Salem, N.C.

It's just a matter of luck. If you're at the stage door or hotel lobby at the right time, then you'll have a delicious memory forever. If not, you'll have to live with them from the balcony, records and "Action!" Which is a pretty great way to live, too!

I've just flipped over The Monkees! Please write about them. And where can I write to them?

Louise Fuller
Roseville, Calif.

FLIP is the monthly Monkees mag! We're closer to Peter, Micky, David and Mike than any other pop publication in the world. There are four super-scoops on them in this issue. And they get their mail c/o NBC, Burbank, California.

Thanks so much for the fantabulous article about The Beatles by their tailor. You certainly out-flipped all competitors with that first-class scoop! Speaking for myself and all my friends, we'd love to hear some more from Mr. Millings and his experiences with the Fab Four. He's Boss!

Janet Baynton
Boulder, Colo.

You must have read my mind! Dougie has just joined FLIP's staff as a columnist about The Beatles and the whole Carnaby Street pop fashion scene! You'll find his exclusive scoops on pages 40 and 41.

Why don't you print letters in favor of Elvis? I know you get them, but you seem to prefer to ignore them. Well, maybe you think nobody cares if you only print letters against Elvis, but I care and so do millions of other girls! Elvis and Mick Jagger are the only good singers around today!

Gladys Moore
Indianapolis, Indiana

can't find flip?

If you've ever had trouble finding FLIP on your favorite magazine stand, or if anyone you know has ever had that kind of problem, please let us know about it so that we make sure that it won't happen again. Thank you for helping us fly FLIP to your important part of the world!

Send to: FLIP Finder, 1010 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021

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(Thank You)

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STEPHEN KAHN: PUBLISHER

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This is what I've found: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15.
16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23.
24. 25. (If you found more, add 'em!)

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Here it is!

The contest to end all contests!

Can you identify all the "bits and pieces" scattered over this page?

If you can, a very groovy prize will be waiting for YOU!

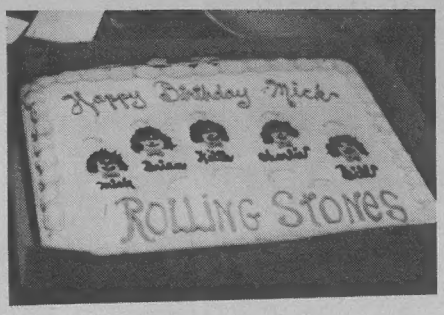
You'll get a photograph of this exciting collage autographed by each of the super-stars you identified!

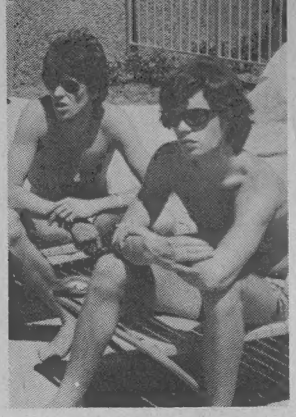
It'll take time to spot all the small secrets hidden on this page, but once you've guessed them, imagine the good groove you'll be in!

And, then, to be eligible for the very special grand prize, be sure to list your discoveries on the coupon—and send it to us!

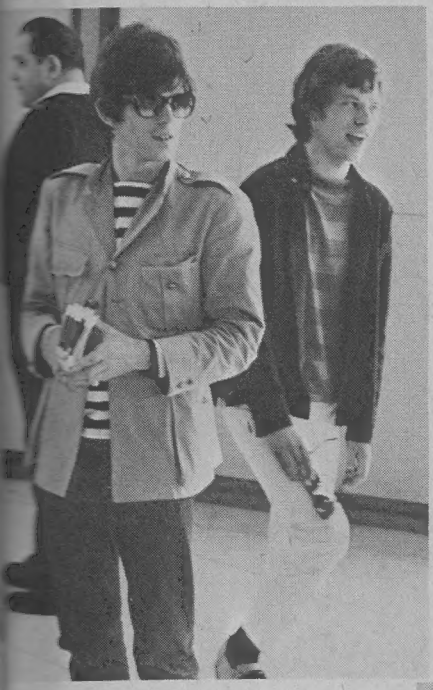
"BITS AND PIECES"

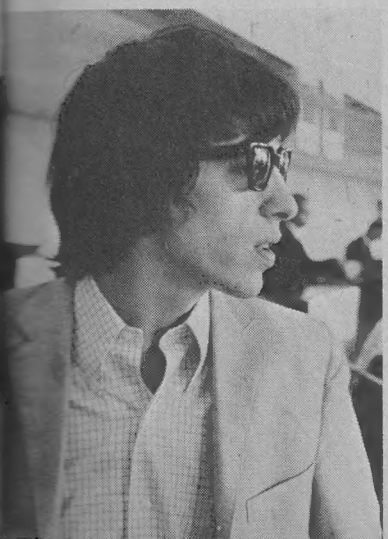
--THE WILDEST, WAY-OUT CONTEST OF ALL TIME!

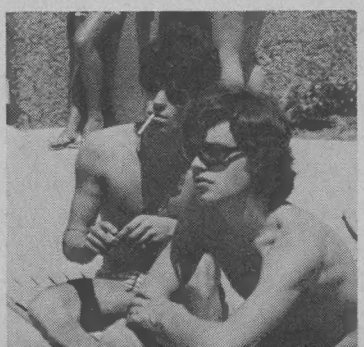


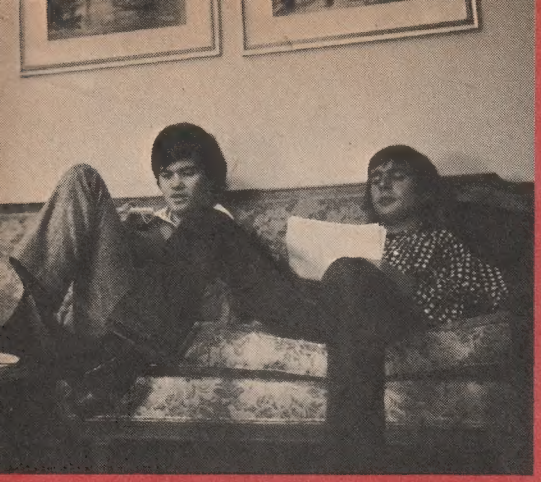


16 never- before- published stones' shots!







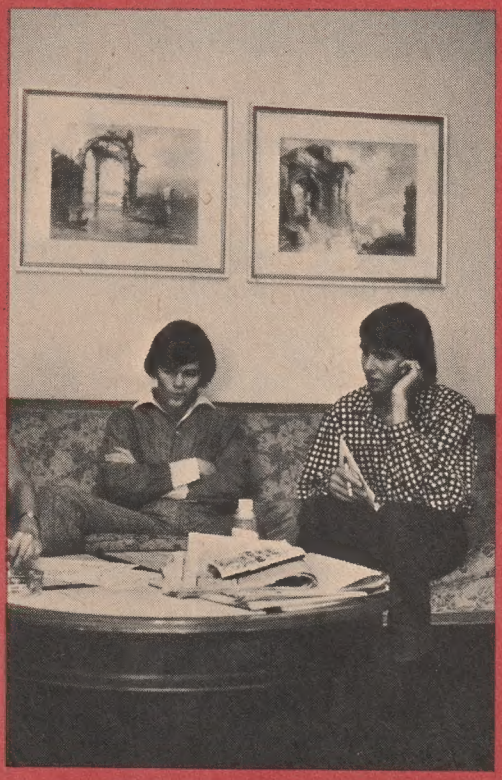


WHAT THE

DAVID

I LIKE:
MOVIES
CHICKEN SOUP
GIRLS
LOVE

I HATE:
CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM
OLIVES
TIME
TALKATIVE GIRLS
SKINNY ELEPHANT TRAINERS
PEOPLE WHO SAY WE DON'T PLAY OUR OWN INSTRUMENTS



MONKEES LOVE AND HATE!

MIKE AND PETER TALK ABOUT THEIR LOVES AND HATES ON PAGES 58 & 59! FLIP TO IT!

MICKY

I LIKE:
GIRLS
LOVE
SLEEP
SNOW CONES

I HATE:
ZUCCHINI
OKRA
SHORT PUNKS

THE REAL (AND SURPRISING) DONOVAN!

Donovan doesn't want people to regard him as a phenomenon. He simple wants people to listen to his songs and the more people the better. He will talk simply and honestly to you but not about anything or nothing.

"I can't talk of shallow things," he told me. I'll talk to you of war and peace or children, mice, men, cabbages or kings but please don't ask me what my favourite color is!"

Like most people starting in a profession, he was influenced in particular by one man. In Don's case it was Dylan but now he has shaken off the more immediate influences and is producing his own kind of beauty.

"I don't think I'm some kind of super intelligence," said Don, forking his way into a plate of scampi and mushrooms in the small cafe off Charing Cross road, "You take Bob. Now, he put down reporters here who asked him things like 'Where Do You Come From' and 'How Old Are You'. They could find those things out from a biography anyway.

"Some people got all resentful about him and said he was a pseudo intellect who would only talk to university students. I watched him talk to porters and waiters at the London Savoy and he was more at home talking to them about real things than all this nonsense they put to him at Press Receptions. I remember him dropping a glass and insisting that he clear up the mess himself. That's hardly the attitude of an intellectual snob in a hotel where they expect to look after you."

Don's songs are often about the things he feels most deeply about. Like most sensitive people, he has a deep hatred of war or pain. He also has a highly developed sense of natural beauty.

"I love the sea and the sand," said Don. "I was never happier than in the days when I lived down at St. Ives in Cornwall. I would walk along the beach in the cool of Summer evenings with the sand squirming between my toes and listening to the sound of the sea 'shushing' against the shore. I was a beachcomber—but the things I picked up went into my mind, not into my pocket."

Don was recently taken to task by an interviewer on one of those pirate radio ships because he answered all the questions in his own vocabulary which makes extensive use of the words "dig" and "man."

"I've always talked like that," said Don, "But this guy seemed to think I was doing an impression of an old rock star. It's simply that to say 'dig' means more to me than just 'understand.'

"Someone asked me to criticise John Lennon's book 'Spaniard In The Works' and I said that I did what he was doing. To me it meant everything but to them

Donovan sharing a moment with Joan Baez in London's famous Trafalgar Square.

nothing."

Another of Don's problems is the telephone. He finds it impossible to communicate properly with people without seeing their faces.

"I'm passing through an office on my way to nowhere from somewhere and the phone rings. Some reporter guy wants to know where I'm going, what I'm doing and why. My mind is somewhere and by the time I've caught up with him—Pow . . . he's split."

I threw a direct question at Don and caught it coming back at speed.

"What are you doing with your money?"

"What money?" said Don and put his face close to mine to look into my eyes.

Half an hour later he borrowed four pounds from his road manager for the evening. He has very little money of his own and not much idea of what his bank holds for him. He's not really interested and that's the truth.

What other interests apart from people and music has Don? "I dabbled in a form of modern art," said Don. "I stuck pieces of iron on canvas and painted them. I called one piece, 'The Tangerine Puppet' and a man was going to give me my own exhibition but the idea fell through."

His proudest possessions are things he has been given by friends. He produced a pair of owl-like sun glasses which "Samantha," the girl on 'Top Of The Pops' had given to him. "She just gave them to me because I said I liked them." said Don. Now he wears them on stage and off.

A few weeks previously a little silver badge of broken rifles appeared on the side of his famous sailing cap. "It was the symbol for the War Resistance Internationale," said Don. "A fan gave it to me on a TV show but last week on another show I was mobbed and someone took the badge. A fan gave and a fan took away."

This is one of the sequences from the film "A Boy Called Donovan," which was seen only in England.

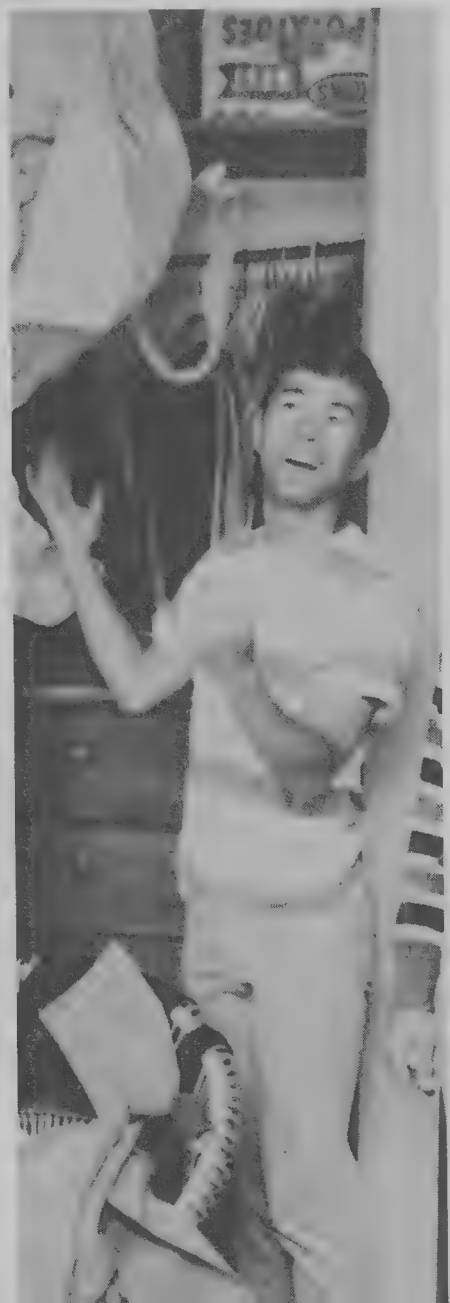
ALL ABOUT THE

by mike

Catching "neat" Roger in the act of straightening up his bedroom was the surprise of the year!

I convinced Rog to say, "The heck with it!"

Here I am with Miss Teeney Weeney herself—Miss Jeri Lyn. Jeri piled all of her hats on my lap and then proceeded to try them all on!



HERE I IS AGAIN! WITH ALL THE NITTY GRITTY ABOUT THE "ACTION KIDS"—AT HOME! I VISITED TED AND ROGER FIRST. JILL AND JERI LYN NEEDED MORE TIME TO GET READY. GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS! WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

ANYWAY, TED CAME FIRST. I BROUGHT ALONG A PAIR OF BOXING GLOVES. JUST IN CASE. BUT TED TOLD ME HE KEPT HIS AT THE GYM. WHEW!

TED HAS THIS GREAT COLLECTION OF RECORD ALBUMS. STACKS AND STACKS AND . . . STACKS. ROLLING STONES, YARDBIRDS, BEACH BOYS, KATE SMITH . . . KATE SMITH? YEP, YOU GUESSED IT. TED REALLY DIGS THAT MOON COMIN' OVER THE MOUNTAIN. GOD BLESS HIM!

TED ALSO COLLECTS KEY CHAINS. NICE LONG ONES WITH NAMES ON THEM. HE EVEN GAVE ME ONE. IT SPELLED LAWRENCE WELK BACKWARDS.

NEXT STOP, ROGER'S HOUSE. ROGER LIVES IN NICHOLS CANYON IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS. TO GET TO HIS PLACE YOU DRIVE UP AND UP AND AROUND AND OVER. WHAT YOU FINALLY FIND IS A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE HIGH IN THE HILLS WITH SLIDING GLASS DOORS, OVERLOOKING MOST OF LA.

YOU KNOW, WE ON THE SHOW ALWAYS THOUGHT OF ROGER AS THE QUIET, NEAT TYPE. ALWAYS ON TIME. NO COMPLAINTS! JUST A GREAT GUY! AH HA! NOW COMES THE TRU-UTH! WE ARRIVED TOO SOON. AND WALKED INTO ROGER'S BEDROOM. ZAM! ZAP! CLOTHES AND MORE CLOTHES, ALL . . . OVER . . . THE . . . PLACE. AND POOR ROGER FRANTICALLY STUFFING THEM IN HIS CLOSETS. WHEN HE FINISHED, HE SHOWED ME THROUGH HIS HOUSE. ALL AROUND ARE PAINTINGS DONE ON BIG PIECES OF IRON. JUST TO SEE THIS WAS WORTH THE LONG RIDE.

WE SAID GOOD-BYE TO ROG AND SPLIT TO JILL'S APARTMENT. TO BE GREETED BY A REAL "FLASH GORDON." SEE, JILL HAS THIS PUP NAMED "FLASH" AND SINCE HER LAST NAME IS GORDON, SHE NAMED HER PUP "FLASH." WHEN AND IF YOU GET PAST "FLASH," YOU ENTER INTO A WORLD OF ANTIQUES. TIFFANY LAMP SHADES, TWO STAINED GLASS CHURCH DOORS FROM

"ACTION KIDS!"

williams

FRANCE, A PRESENT FROM PHIL EVERLY OF THE EVERLY BROTHERS. ONE OF THE DOORS HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO THE TOP OF A COCKTAIL TABLE. REAL GROOVEY! JILL HASN'T DECIDED WHAT TO DO WITH THE OTHER. GOT ANY IDEAS ANYONE?

BUT GET THIS FOLKS! AMONG THE ANTIQUES IS THIS GREAT STEREO WHICH HAS ITS SPEAKERS COVERED IN BRIGHT PINK AND PURPLE PATTERENED CLOTH. WHICH JUST KNOCKS ME OUT! CONSISTENCY! THAT'S WHAT I LIKE. CONSISTENCY!

MY LAST STOP OF THE DAY WAS WITH LITTLE JERI LYN. I WAS ALL SET TO FIND A LITTLE CUBBY HOLE BUT INSTEAD FOUND A HUGE APARTMENT WITH LOADS OF ROOM. WHEN I ASKED JERI LYN WHY A TEENEY WEENEY LITTLE GIRL HAD SUCH A BIG APARTMENT, SHE SAID IT WAS TOO SMALL. SHE THEN PROCEEDED TO SHOW ME. SURE ENOUGH, ALL HER CUPBOARDS, CLOSETS AND DRAWERS WERE FILLED WITH CLOTHES. IT LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS SET TO OPEN A STORE FOR TEENEY WEENIES. THIS INCLUDED JERI LYN'S COLLECTION OF HATS. EVERY CITY THAT WE PLAY ON TOUR JERI LYN BUYS A NEW HAT. THAT'S QUITE A FEW HATS, MAN!

BEFORE I LEFT, I LOOKED AROUND FOR A BEAUTY SHOP. JERI LYN'S GOT SUCH LONG HAIR SOMEBODY'S GOT TO TAKE CARE OF IT. YOU KNOW WHO IT IS? MISS TEENEY WEENEY, HERSELF.

WELL, THAT'S FOUR OF US. NEXT TIME, PETE, ROBERTA, LESLEY AND ME (MIKE).

I HAD A LONG DISC-CUSSION WITH MURRY WILSON, MANAGER OF THE SUNRAYS AND FATHER OF BEACH BOYS' BRIAN, DENNIS AND CARL. MURRY SAID THAT THERE ARE AT LEAST 5000 NEW YOUNG SINGING GROUPS IN THIS COUNTRY. BUT ONLY A HANDFUL WILL EVER MAKE IT. AND THAT'S BECAUSE THEY WON'T WORK HARD ENOUGH. SO TAKE HEED, GUYS. IT'S GOOD ADVICE FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS.

BY THE BY, MY NEW RECORD IS CALLED "YOU DON'T WANT ME AROUND" AND "SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T DONE." I RECORDED IT FOR JAMES BROWN AND I'M THE FIRST (VERY FIRST) PERSON TO RECORD WITH HIS BAND, OTHER THAN THE MAN HIMSELF.

LET'S DO IT AGAIN. NEXT MONTH!

Jill and I (and "Flash Gordon") sit under a Tiffany Lamp, one of her vast collection of antiques.

Mike, as you've discovered, is now a regular FLIP columnist! And we know that he's as happy about it as we are! He promises to read (and, if possible, answer) all your letters! Just send 'em to: Mike Williams, FLIP Magazine, 1010 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021. And don't forget to get all of Mike's secret scoops in the next issue of FLIP—on sale December 8th!

Next issue—on sale December 8th—you'll visit Pete, Roberta, Lesley & Mike at home!

Instead of his boxing rig, Ted showed me his treee-mendous collection of record albums! To be honest, I was relieved!

meet john leyton !

"John Leyton" may be a new name to American teenagers, but it draws sighs and screams from their English counterparts, who've been raving over the blonde, blue-eyed actor-singer for years.

A quiet lunch with one of the new stars on CBS-TV's "Jericho" illustrated how and why John has won so many fans (there are 27,000 members in his fan club!)

"I was trained as an actor since the age of 13," he began in a soft, but easily recognizable British accent. "But I was 19 before I actually decided to become an actor. I worked for months as stage hand or errand boy with a London repertory company, then I landed a small part in a TV show and I was on my way."

Popularity came when John became a regular on the English "Biggles" series. "That's when I first discovered fan mail. It was marvelous! All those letters saying how handsome I was—it was enough to turn a guy's head!

"My singing career was purely accidental, though. I played the part of a rock 'n' roll singer in a TV drama once and saw no reason why I shouldn't sing the song in it myself—I knew my voice wasn't bad.

"Then a record company released it and wham! I was a recording star. It sold nearly a million and was number one for seven weeks!

"I enjoyed singing and recording and still do, but after a while I decided to concentrate on my acting career—it's more stable than the music business. When I'm established as an actor (and if I'm not too old by then!) I'd like to try recording, but right now 'Jericho' is taking up all my time and energies, so singing will have to wait."

He became serious while discussing his career—it's his whole life and he works long and hard. "For a couple of years now, I've been doing mostly movies like 'Von Ryan's Express,' 'The Great Escape,' and my latest, 'The Idol.' When I got the offer to do a television series, I hesitated. I'd already done one in Britain and remembered how much time it took and how little time you have to do anything else.

"In the end I decided to join up with 'Jericho' because I think the show has a lot of merit. It's both drama and comedy, but dry comedy, not slapstick. And because I want to familiarize America with my name. Up till now, I've been that English boy who was in . . . You know what I mean. I don't want to say, 'I'm going to be a *star,*' but I do want to get better and better parts, plus lots and lots of acting experience to prepare and qualify me for these roles. A series will keep me on my toes again. I'll be absolutely forced to give a good performance daily. It's good discpline."

Soon John was reminiscing about his youth with a quiet laugh occasionally. Really it was only natural that he was interested in acting. "My father owned quite a few large movie theatres and music halls in the suburbs near London. Mum was 'Babs Walter' on the London stage. So all in all, my two sisters and two brothers and I had a theatrical background, all right.

"I didn't start out to be an actor, though. Let's see, I was a rope salesman, a fisherman, a garage mechanic, a typewriter salesman—I had all kinds of odd jobs when I left school. The money helped put me through the Actor's Workshop, which is called the home of Britain's avant-garde theatre.

"Oh yes, I was a soldier too. After I graduated from school, I worked as a messenger boy in a tea firm and then joined the Army. I asked to go to the Far East, but of course didn't go. Isn't that always the way with Armies? Instead I stayed in London and won the 50-yard freestyle swimming championship."

After surprise after surprise from this delightful young actor, I was not at all astonished to find that he rides and plays and golfs and even surfs—he learned how to during a singing tour in Australia.

Last but not least he likes the Beatles. He's a perfect Englishman.

CHAD & JEREMY'S ADVENTURE!

(THE BEGINNING

AND THE END!)

FLIP

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"IT'S GOOD BEING A BEATLE!"

RINGO'S very personal story! -(as told to FLIP'S Keith Altham)

Ringo and Paul with a friend.

At 26 Ringo is the oldest Beatle and perhaps the best loved. He looks out at the bewildering abstractions of life through a sad face which transforms in a flash when he smiles that Starr-smile. In Ringo's smile there is a child-like beauty which is Sonny's charm and Zal Yanovsky's warmth.

Early Ringo Beatle and Starr '66 are much the same. He has always been gentle, self-reliant and full of roguish good humour. There is nothing really sad about Ringo at all—he enjoys being a Beatle.

"It's good being a Beatle," he says. "We can be real people—we're the start of the real people in pop in a way. In the beginning there was a kind of milk drinking, non-swearing, non-smoking and little gentlemen bit going on. We proved that you can behave like human beings and still remain popular. We're not ashamed of being people like everyone else—we're Beatle people, that's all."

Ringo today is a slightly more confident Beatle but he was brought out of his shell after only a few months with the group. After the boys' first U.S. tour, he emerged as a personality with a following of his own. Up until the American tour Ringo had regarded himself as the new boy and kept quiet while the old guard did the talking to the Press. Americans have a way of adopting the background boys in the groups and they soon spotted the slightly neglected Beatle in the background and made a place in their hearts for this little man in splendid isolation.

"You could say that America discovered me," says Ringo. "Somehow drummers have always seemed to get a better deal in the States and I got the kind of attention that had never been given to me up until that time."

As a personality Ringo is a projection of gentleness, direct speaking and impish good humour. I remember on one occasion recently when I was squatting on my haunches in a recording studio talking to Paul, he strutted into the room, viewed my precarious position quizzically and then with calm deliberation came over and slowly pushed me over with one hand.

"Just wanted to see if you would fall over," he announced happily. "Have a ciggie and you'll feel better." For an hour after that we sat talking of Beatles and his way of life and in retribution I smoked his entire pack of Stuyvesant.

Because of his laconic attitude and slightly pained expression in his eyes there have been a lot of rumours about Ringo's health but he is in fact quite robust although he suffered with a number of illnesses as a child which kept him in and out of school over a five year term.

"My health is fine now," says Ringo. "Everytime I take out a mortgage or we make a film I take a medical check up and the insurance people shake all over when I fill in my childhood illnesses—pleurisy and peritonitis—but I always come through A1.

"The hardest task for any pop star seems to be getting insurance for a car—my Facel Vega costs me about $15 a week in insurance alone."

The drumming Beatle now lives in Weybridge, Surrey

with his wife Maureen and baby son Zak. The house is in a luxury setting with spacious garden, a go kart track, an old air raid shelter, a tree house and a gold fish pond. His new home is a far cry from the four room house in Admiral Grove, Liverpool where he was brought up as a child but although Ringo appreciates his breathing space he has a natural affection for the old home town.

"I still have strong ties with Liverpool. Our families still live there and when I have a few days off we drive back home to see them all."

Ringo's mum and dad now live in a bungalow he purchased for them on the outskirts of Liverpool.

Ringo is also a man who remembers his old Liverpudlian buddies and just recently he lent an old friend—Roy Speke who was once in a group with Ringo called the Ed Clayton Skiffle group—the money for a mortgage on a house.

In the old days the two boys had promised that if ever either of them hit the big time they would help the other out. Ringo did not forget!

Marriage to local girl Maureen Cox does not seem to have deterred the British fans from laying seige to Ringo's Weybridge home and his only grouse has been the lack of privacy there.

"At first I tried being nice to everyone who gathered outside the house but then they just hung about longer and started peering into the windows and pestering Maureen. Now I just get straight into the car and ignore them—this consideration bit must work both ways."

But what about the future Beatle? How does the Starr see his life in years to come? How long can be go on being a Beatle?

"There's no answer to that one of course—we still seem to be doing alright in the charts although people said we would never last longer than two years. John is now working independently in films. I suppose the rest of us will develop along similar lines.

"I don't see myself still going on the stage bashing drums at thirty but then I never expected to be a star when I first joined the Beatles—I'd still be in a group playing for eight quid a night if I wasn't in the Beatles, I suppose.

"Perhaps I'll take a greater interest in my building business. I had a scheme once for becoming the owner of a chain of hair-dressing salons but that's all over."

Ringo seldom looks back and reflects on former glories—like the other Beatles they are essentially people of the present. They live for the moment and when that old question of what has been your greatest moment with the group comes up Ringo is stumped again.

"There have been so many things—you play somewhere or make a disc and think we'll never top that—nothing could be better than that—but you do and there is.

"Making the first disc was great and when we saw it creep into the charts about number 50 something that was a huge kick. When we saw it hit number one we went out of our minds. I suppose that playing Shea Stadium before 56,000 people is one of the outstanding memories that I have left."

It can't be said too often of Ringo that although position, experience and moving in different circles have altered his interests his basic character remains very much unaltered by it all. He is still the slightly pathetic clown—the man who combines pathos with humour and humility with pride. Richard Starkey the bearded drummer of the Rory Storme group who played the Butlin holiday camps in the early fifties still shadows the Beatle millionaire of today.

A person first and an idol second, Ringo remains a Starr by name but not by nature. When someone writes his life story I fully expect it to be prefaced "Of The People—Ringo Starr."

This is the way The Beatles looked on a "live" British TV appearance just before their American tour.

TRACY THOMAS

our girl from H.O.L.Y.W.O.O.D.

At the Whisky a Go Go, at The Trip, at De Voss Men's Store, at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Store on Sunset Strip, everywhere you looked this month there was a group!

But to begin at the beginning . . .

The proverbial cat has leaped out of the bag: the **BEACH BOYS** finally admitted that all five original Boys are married (substitute Bruce Johnston is still available): Brian to childhood sweetheart Marilyn, Mike Love to lovely, suntanned Suzzane, Carl to Billy Hinsche's beautiful sister Annie, and Dennis to tall, slender Carol (who has a son by a former marriage). There's no official comment on why the secret was kept so long. Could be that after twenty-one straight hits, they figured itwouldn'thurt their popularity too much.

BYRDS are always big news and made musical headlines at their Whisky engagement. When **DAVID CROSBY'S** voice gave out, **GENE CLARK** was asked to step in. Harmonica in hand, voice as sharp and clear as ever, the Byrd who had flown obliged and delighted the crowds, including **JOHN PHILLIPS, BARRY McGUIRE, JACKIE deSHANNON.** So far their management denies that Gene is once more a full-time member . . . "He's just helping out till David's voice improves." In any case, there's something afoot (or is it aflight) with California's wonder boys. By Christmas there will have been some changes made.

Though the **MAMA'S AND PAPA'S** are "together" again, all is not running smooth in that corner. Their new album is not as strong as the first, despite the long hours at Western recording studios, and concerts are not going as well as one would expect. There's strong tension and a lot of tiredness within them. They won't comment on group inter-relationships. Says Denny, "We're busy considering several books as subjects for a film script."

For the many **RAIDER** fans who will never be quite content to see them every day on "Action," America's favorite quintet will clown on numerous network TV shows this year. So far they've cracked up the "Batman" crew and delighted the cast of the "Milton Berle Show." Others like "F Troop" and "Jericho" are in the works. Says mighty and miserly **PAUL REVERE,** "We'll soon be the next Marx Brothers. No . . . Revere Brothers. No . . . Raider Brothers. No . . ." But then Paul's usually incoherent while counting his money.

Meanwhile **MARK LINDSAY** spent two weeks trying to decide whether or not to buy a new red Ferrari. So manager Roger Hart bought it. "He's still trying

to decide," reports Roger. "If he wants it, I'll sell it to him and buy a Jaguar." Decisions, decisions . . .

In the dark of night the **ROLLING STONES** snuck into town to finish mixing the tracks for the next album. So sneaky were they that it took a while for the groupies to find out and for the customary half-dozen to gather outside RCA. The overdubbing had to be done without musical services of Brian, however, since his left hand was out of commission due to a traffic accident in London.

CHAD AND JEREMY, who have always been outstanding showmen, did three performances at Melodyland Theatre and presented possibly the most entertaining pop show of the year. The British duo explains, "We became sick and tired of these four-hour pop spectaculars. We worked up some skits and found ourselves a mini-orchestra (adds Jeremy: 'That's six musicians wearing mini-skirts') and two excellent supporting acts." The outcome was worth the effort. After some clowning by Stuart and Clyde, **IAN WHITCOMB** came on with his own old-timey style, then one of the most exciting and cheerful new groups on the West Coast, the **BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD,** whose first single "Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing" is a local hit. They're charming, cuddly and effervescent, playing mostly original material—sort of a cross between the **BEATLES** and **LOVIN' SPOONFUL** (and that's a cross many groups would like to bear) with a definite country flavor and four vocalists. But the irrepressible Chad and Jeremy completed the evening in Superstyle singing their many hits, inserting a folk or blues song here and there and adding plenty of humor, including several versions of "Summer Song," as a commercial and as a rhythm and blues wailer, Trini Lopez, and Bobby Darin would do it. Chad's fake American accents and his orchestral arrangements were as polished and perfected as Jeremy's mimicry. Their innovation is a refreshing change and will hopefully catch on quickly!

Speaking of promising new groups, the West Coast is sprouting them daily. Like the **DAILY FLASH,** a foursome signed with Greene-Stone of Sonny and Cher fame and **JEFFERSON AIRPLANE,** a San Francisco sextet who made that city's light shows famous. Both appeared at the Whisky, which has rapidly become the center of the long-haired crowd. The audience, which is still sprinkled with a few middle-aged businessmen on conventions, is as much fun to watch as the performers.

Representing our British friends, the **YARDBIRDS** spent ten days in and out of Hollywood, doing concerts, buying clothes and "grooving." Says new "Bird Jimmy Page, "We've only had one day off and that was in Hawaii, which sounds groovey, but wouldn't you know, it was cloudy and rainy so we stayed inside." All the boys especially enjoyed playing at the Fillmore in San Francisco. "The kids could dance or they could sit and watch, so everyone had fun," says Jimmy, who sports the longest, grooviest sideburns and a 75-year-old jacket.

ROY ORBISON is in Los Angeles for several weeks filming his first movie "The Fastest Guitar Alive." He's written all the songs for the picture, including the title tune ("That was the hardest!") In reference to his wife's death recently, he said, "This movie is the best thing that could have happened to me now. I'm so busy running around learning to dance and recording and shooting and memorizing my lines, I haven't got time to think about the accident."

The Trip, the former home of the hippies, has a new owner and a strictly Motown policy and draws standing-room-only crowds every night. For those of us who dig the Detroit sound as well as long-hair, it's a haven. So far the **TEMPTATIONS, MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS** and the **MARVELLETTES** have appeared and there's a promise of **JR. WALKER** and **MARVIN GAYE** yet to come.

Tracy—FLIP's new Hollywood Editor—will be back next month to keep you on top of the groovy West Coast scene!

groovy guess-who(?) silhouette!

It isn't The Lone Ranger, Roy Rogers or The Green Hornet on the set of "Bonanza!"

But the groovy guest who is with one of man's best friends is one of the pop world's best friends!

His boss brothers are also fab friends, and the surprise scene we found him in reflects his love for the great outdoors.

He'll send you a prize indoors if you're one of the fifteen FLIPers who guess his identity and are selected from the mailbag in a blindfolded draw by FLIP's editor, Steve Kahn. Just send in the coupon to try your raving luck!

Send to: Silhouette, FLIP Magazine, 1010 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021

Black is black! But, underneath it all, I can tell that the groovy Silhouette Star is ..... Am I right?

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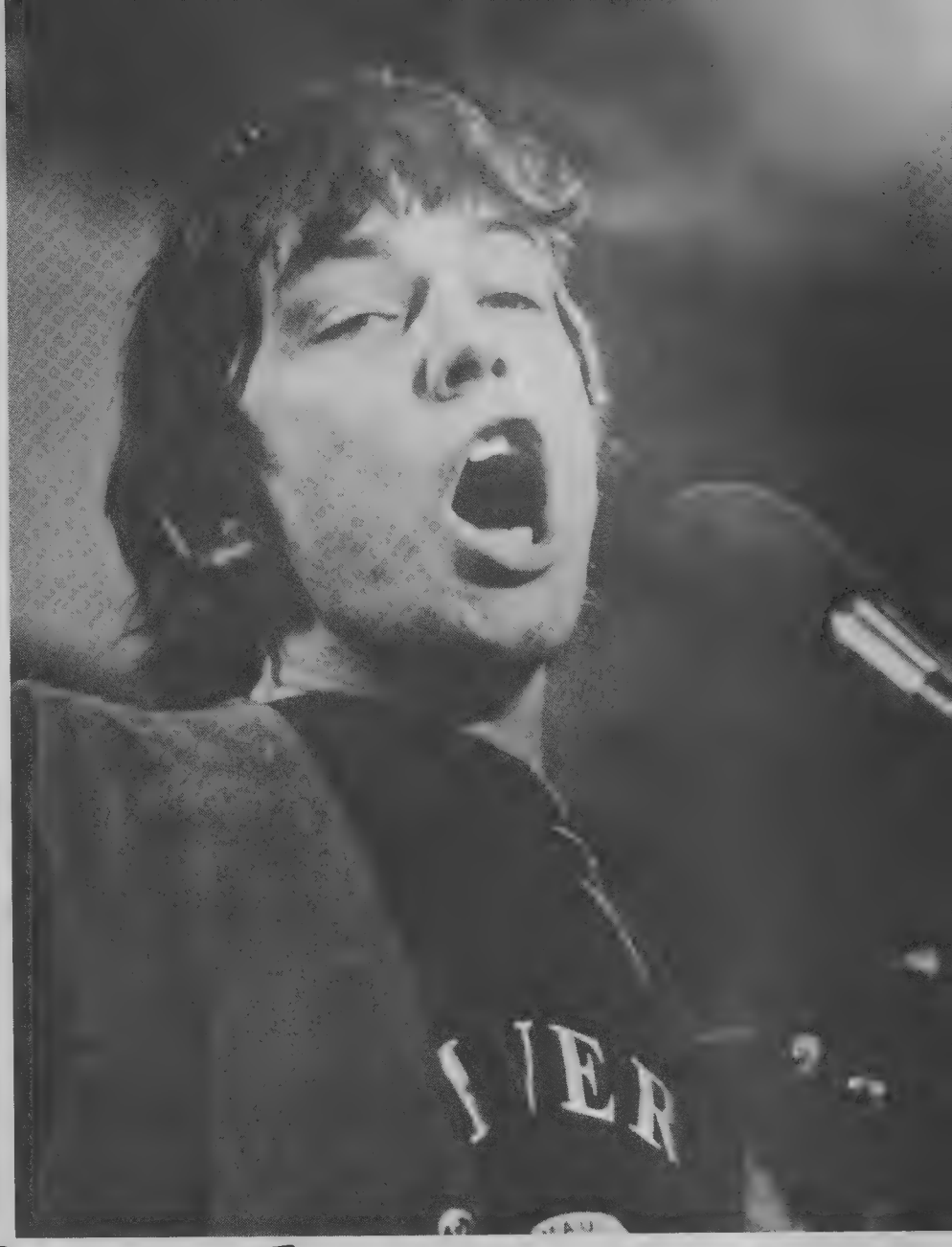
Address .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* .....



Eric Burdon on the Animals Break-Up!

"It was very hard to break up with the other Animals but I just had to do it," Eric Burdon revealed to me. "I was going slowly out of my mind. I was mentally and physically tired—the last three years have seemed like one long one night stand.

"I suppose it's inevitable that after you've been working closely with four other people for five years that you should begin to feel the frictions. We were five people without a single thought on the same lines.

"Hilton is keen on folk music and he wanted to develop along those lines. Dave has always been jazz influenced and Chas has some very unique ideas of his own. My ideas have always been to move along progressively rhythm and blues lines but somewhere along the way I was not getting over to the others. There was no time to rehearse and no time to practise. We were in a musical straight-jacket. The break just had to happen.

"I care very much about my music. I care in a sense that I desperately want to do something that is original and new. I want to develop and I must have people around me who care about and understand things in the same way. Georgie Fame cares about his music but there are so many groups who don't see anything further than the dollar sign. I just didn't want to fall into that trap.

"I've taken Barry Jenkins out of the original group to go with me because he cares about his work in the same way I do. You give him a few minutes on his own and he'll be working a practise. Trying to improve all the time—that's the only way to stay alive.

"My idea is to work up the kind of band that Ray Charles has done in America and use two or three girl singers to back on numbers. I'm really excited about the future.

"I know a lot of people have suggested that I might rejoin Alan Price, our organist who left, and I'm not saying that idea does not appeal to me but there would be a great deal of contractual difficulties.

"I went down to a Technical college in Twickenham just before I left for the last U.S. tour to hear Alan and his band and I sat in for a few numbers. It really swings and we had a ball—just like old times. He's making a go of things on his own now and I hope I can do the same.

"There were a lot of projected rumours about my returning to the States in November to join the Hollies on a tour but that would have been too early. We need a little time to get settled in and work up new arrangements, etc.

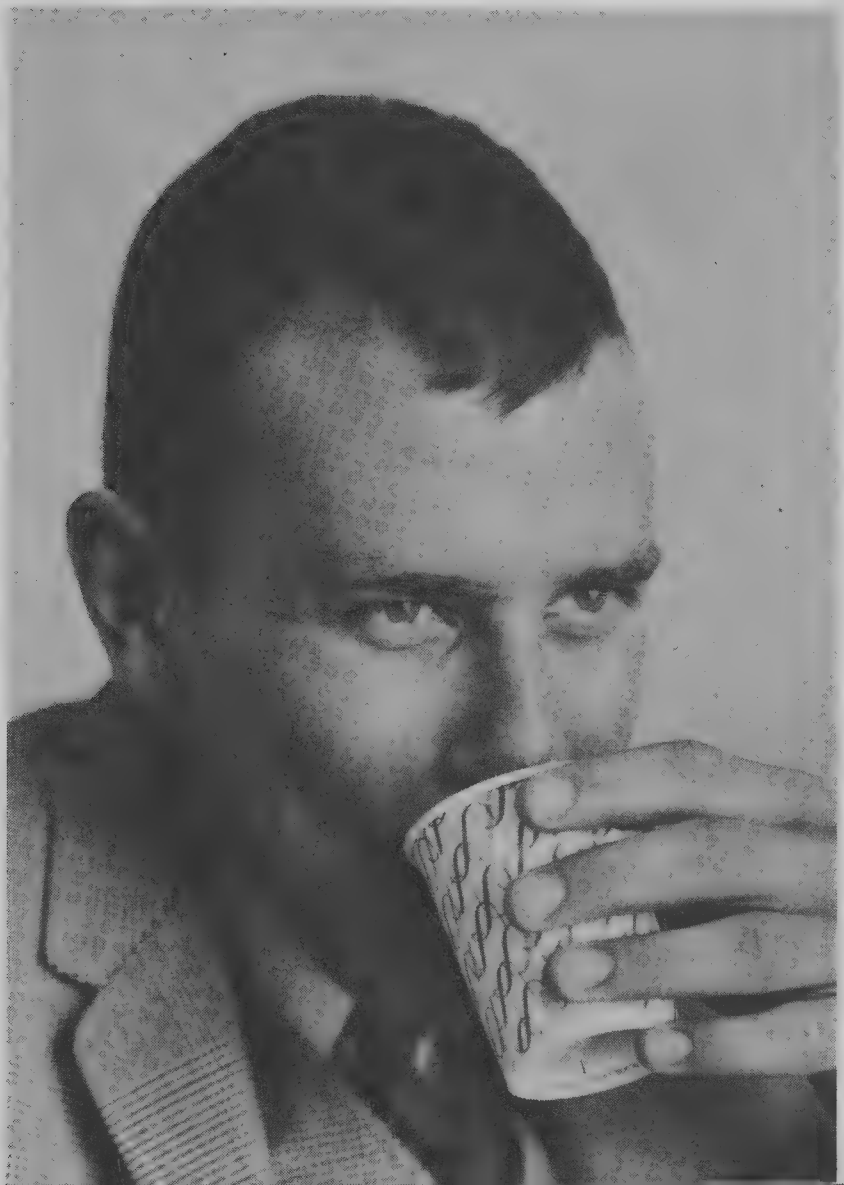
"I'll certainly be returning to the U.S., though. The country fascinates and so do the people. On the last trip I met some members of the KKK who were handing out that usual rubbish over racial discrimination. Herman and I had a long chat with them—long enough to convince us that they are both ignorant and dangerous and bigoted.

"One of the nicer things that happened to me was my meeting with Otis Redding who really is a knock out character. He took us back to his home and we spent the entire evening just singing and playing records together.

"I hope that someone is going to buy up that film we made called "Animals Around The World." It's a very interesting documentary and now you could regard it as a classic of a group's birth to its disbandment. It shows the moment when John Steel decided to quit in spite of the money rewards, our rows with our publicist in the U.S. and our visits to Poland, France, the U.S. and on tour here. A kind of life and death of the Animals. It should help a lot of people to understand the reasons for our break-up."

"I'M OUT OF THE ARMY, NOT RE-JOINING THE RAIDERS, AND WILL HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU SOON!"

DRAKE LEVIN'S PERSONAL STORY



WHERE WILL YOU BE ON DECEMBER 8TH?

RAIDERS RAVE-OUT EXCLUSIVES!

IT'S A SPECTACULAR YEAR-END ISSUE WHICH WILL BE A RAVING WRAP-UP OF THE POP PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE!

DECEMBER 8TH!

The army wasn't so bad after all.

At first, in boot camp, it was horrible. They shaved all my hair off (well, not quite all; but it felt like all).

For the first few weeks, no one had any idea that I was anything more than a kid from Oregon. Then one day, the officer in charge of our platoon came to me and said, "Tell your girl friend to stop calling all the time!" I couldn't figure out what was going on because he said the girl had several different voices and finally he exploded, "Look, we've had 40 calls already this morning. What are you, some kinda rock and roll singer?"

So I admitted that I was a Raider. I shouldn't have. He made me sing a song in front of the entire company! I was a bit embarrassed because it's a little different singing for a big bunch of guys all your age—I mean, they're not exactly screaming fans! Some others took pity and helped me out. We ended up doing Army songs and they all dug it!

And then the letters started coming. They came and came and came until the mail room was blocked with letters and postcards for me from you FLIP readers. I was thrilled, of course, but my superiors were not nearly as exhilarated as I was. They got very uptight and finally made me a sergeant—in charge of the mail room! It was the only way out. I'd created the mail problem, it was up to me to solve it and the three stripes were designed to strengthen my arm. The stripes also made me responsible for over a hundred men, which is good training for anyone—particularly a rock and roller who's been used to the way-out life.

Oh, by the way, I also won a medal for shooting. Really, what I was trying to do was to put all my effort into being a soldier because it seemed to me that it's better to be a good *anything* than a bad one. I mean, I'd rather be a successful ditch digger than a bad Senator. OK?

Now, six months later, I look at the Raiders and I see how well Jim Valley has settled in—he's a good friend of mine, you know—and I don't want to upset the boat. It's really great to see him so much in tune—in every sense of the word—with the other Raiders. Honest! I mean this and Jim knows I do.

What I want to do now is mainly a thousand things: I want to compose, sing, produce, anything and everything connected with the music business. I've already set up a recording production and merchandising company with a friend—I'm anxious to start work on some ideas I have.

I've been writing lots of songs—good ones, I hope. I want to keep performing on my own or maybe with a backing group in a sort of rock-jazz-folk-drake-type bag. How's that for a label?

In any case, I'm infinitely grateful to Paul and the guys and to all of you for helping me get this far. We're all still friends—Paul, Mark, Phil, dear old Smitty, Jim-with-the-horn and you and me.

One big happy lumpy family.

So for now, I'm storming around recording studios, twisting knobs and yelling at musicians. I'll have something for you to hear soon. Hope you like it.

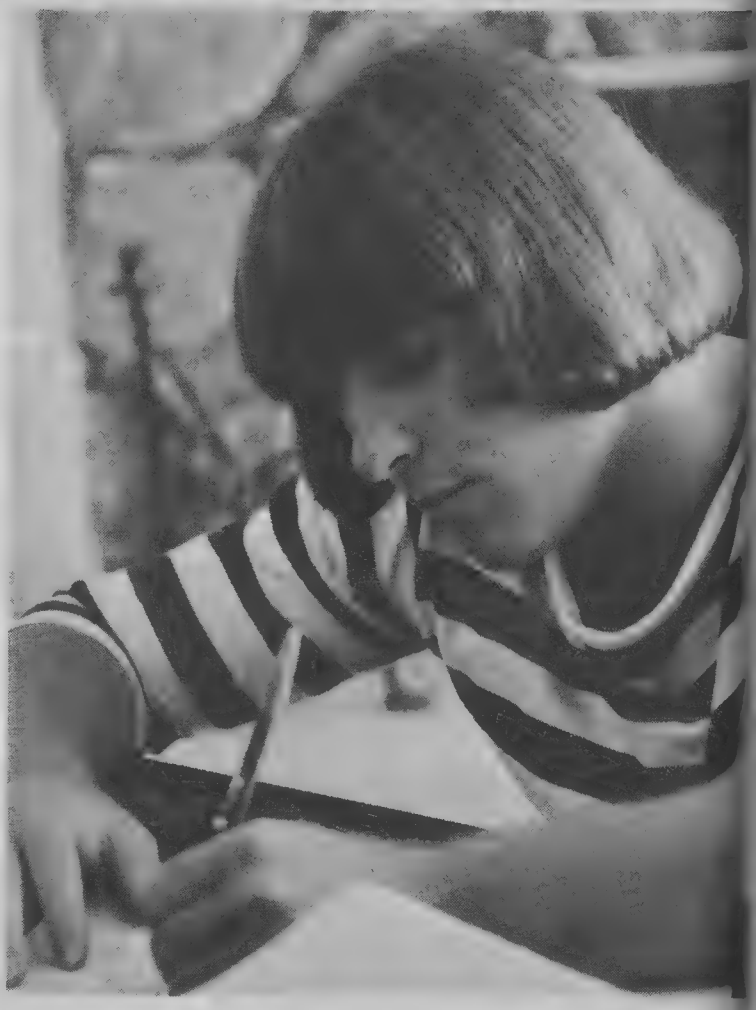
You better. I got a medal for shooting, you know.

if you'll be going to get your copy of the FAB FEB FLIP, then you'll be doing what ravers everywhere will be doing!

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT!

how the robbs would

We asked The Robbs what kind of a note they would write you if they suddenly spotted you and wanted to get to know you better! Joey, Dee, Craig and Bruce gave the question a lot of thought—and then came up with these very personal letters: From The Robbs to You, with Love!



THE Robbs

Dear Flip dream girl

I'm writing you this letter because you alone fit the description of my ideal girl. You wear clothes that suit you, not just because they're "in". You never wear make up you don't need and your hair always looks like you just washed it.

I think you are a girl who likes to laugh and who doesn't try to be anyone but herself. Now that I've given you my description, I hope I fit yours!

Love Always

Joey

9110 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069, TELEPHONE (213) 271-1137

THE Robbs

Hi

I saw you the other day and became immediately interested in you. The first thing that attracted me was your appearance. You were neat and clean and your clothes were very smart looking. This is very important to me. I also loved you talking. You seemed very sincere and natural, this also means a great deal.

If the things I have mentioned fit your personality, we will probably get along quite well.

Hope to hear from you real soon!

love

Dee

9110 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069, TELEPHONE (213) 271-1137

try to meet you!

THE Robbs

Hi

I have been observing you for the past few minutes and I have decided that I should know you. From looking at you I can tell that you're the kind of person who enjoys life. I can tell that you are a free thinker and not a follower of trends. I can also tell that you like to do things spontaneously. I can clearly see that you dig things that you like, not what other people like. It is very obvious that you enjoy fun things and by now it must be very obvious that I am a fantastic lover but you must know that I am very anxious to meet you.

Love
Bruce

9110 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069, TELEPHONE (213) 271 1137

THE Robbs

Dear ?

Whether you know it or not, I observed you last night. I want to say that I think you are very close to my idea of the ideal girl. Your clothes, makeup, and general appearance reflected true femininity. Your conduct and manners reflected the kind, sweet, sincere person that you must be.

I really wish that I could meet you and eventually get to know you. Due to my busy schedule and constant traveling, this might be difficult to do.

Also it depends of course on whether you want to meet me or not. I hope you do and I hope I get the time to do this.

I really hope you answer my letter — I'd love to hear from you, but even better, I'd love to meet and be with you in person.

Love,
Craig

ON THE FLIP teen magazine SIDE

TEEN PAN ALLEY Stephen & Kahn GO

HOLLIES

BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD

LENNY DAVIDSON, JILL & GRANT

THE NIGHT AFTER THE MORNING BEFORE—Usually, I write this column in FLIP's cheerful offices in the middle of the day before we go to press. But, this month, I'm writing the coulmn at home in the middle of the **night** of the day before we go to press! Why?

Because I've just returned from the **GROUPIE CHASERS BALL,** and want to write about it before the mad memories fade away. This was a party given at **THE SCENE,** an "in" nightclub in New York, in honor of all loyal fans everywhere of the groups. And such groups as our favorite friends, **THE YOUNG RASCALS, THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL** and **THE CYRKLE** showed. Mingled into the fascinating crowd, which starred Beatnik poets and high society debutante-types, were such familiar faces as **MONTI ROCK III** and **SAL MINEO.**

A new group, **THE HOBBITS,** provided the swinging music. And it was worth the whole trip just to watch **SPOONFUL ZAL YANOVSKY** dance! Zal, by the way, was sporting a surprise mustache while **JOE BUTLER** was wearing a formal black coat which made him look like a very hip Abraham Lincoln!

It was a successful party . . . and if I don't stop writing and go to bed now, this column will never see print (because I won't be able to get to the office before we go to press). Will add on all the other scoops in a couple of **(y-a-w-n)** hours!

BACK AGAIN . . . **PETE QUAIFE** has officially left **THE KINKS** . . . Recuperating from his serious ac-

cident, he plans to live in Denmark and marry a beautiful Danish girl named Annette Paustian . . . **JOHN DALTON** will be his replacement . . . **GRAHAM NASH** of **THE HOLLIES** has decided to grow a beard . . . Looks good on him. . . **CHER** has just bought her very first dress! . . . She may stick to bell-bottoms if she has to keep paying $1500 per dress, which is what she paid for this one . . . **THE SUNRAYS** found "a girl named Andrea." Her name is **ANDREA MATTOX,** and she is a very pretty winner . . . Watch for a possible feud between **THE MONKEES** and **THE ROBBS** . . . **RICK HUXLEY** and **LENNY DAVIDSON** have revealed that they are married and fathers . . . Rick is married to 24-year-old Eileen and they have two sons, Mark David (who is 4) and Darryl Richard (3) . . . Lenny is married to 22-year-old **JILL** and they have a year-old son named Grant . . . **THE MYSTERY MONSTER** in last month's issue of **FLIP** was **BEACH BOY BRIAN WILSON** . . . Elsewhere on this page is a photo of Brian with his mask off . . . One of London's most successful models is **JENNY BOYD,** Patti's sister and **GEORGE's** sister-in-law . . . **TWICE AS MUCH** have decided to work half as hard, and go back to school . . . One of England's happiest and most successful groups is **THE SEEKERS** . . . And also one of the best-liked . . . **PETULA CLARK** who's really old enough to have teen children, keeps looking younger and younger . . . **MAMA'S & PAPA'S** keep on having problems . . . All of the groups flipped out about **FLIP's GIANT GROUPS GROOVE-OUT!** . . . It is their favorite pop pin-up.

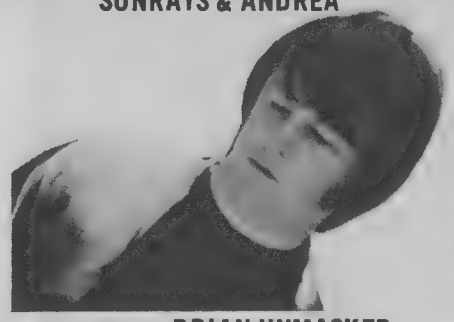
MORE SCOOPSCAM–**THE MINDBENDERS** returned to England unhappy about the U.S. . . . **SCOTT WALKER** seems to be over his problems . . . **ERIC BURDON** happier than he's ever been . . . **CHER's** favorite pop music reporter is **FLIP's** own **KEITH ALTHAM,** who is probably the best pop writer in the world today! . . . **MITCH RYDER & THE DETROIT WHEELS** back on the right track . . . Whatever happened to **LESLEY GORE? . . . THE HAPPENINGS** are . . . Watch for **THE BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD** . . . And **THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE** . . . **SMALL FACES** ready to really become stars in this part of the world . . . **DAVID JONES'** Monkees shenanigans will keep him from doing anything in the "Oliver" movie, a role he created on Broadway . . . **HERMAN** and the guys will be back just before Christmas, spending the holiday with us for the first time . . . **THE RAIDERS** are about to move into TV as if they owned it (which they soon may if they keep moving at the star-spinning pace they have been!).

Keep spinning and swinging . . . Hope you'll meet us here again in the February **FLIP** which will be waiting for you on December 8th!

TWICE AS MUCH

SUNRAYS & ANDREA

RICK HUXLEY & FAMILY



BRIAN UNMASKED

THE SEEKERS

KINK RAY DAVIES & FRIEND

JENNY BOYD

MIKE LOVE TALKS ABOUT THE BEACH BOYS' EARLY DAYS!

In a rare shot, here are The Beach Boys in their very earliest days.

Mike Love looked like this at the beginning.

IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF FLIP—ON SALE DECEMBER 8TH—MIKE AND THE OTHER BEACH BOYS BRING BACK MORE OF THEIR EARLY MEMORIES!

Early Brian Wlson.

Mike and Brian today—happier and heavier!

Five years ago, it was, in another age, that the Beach Boys first made it.

FIVE YEARS?

Yes. But a year is no way to measure success in rock 'n' roll.

It's only the year before last since "I Want To Hold Your Hand" gave the Beatles their first #1 in America and encouraged them to think they might have a chance to make a mark here.

Yet now it is quite impossible to remember a time when one had never heard the name Beatles.

So it is meaningless to say it is five years since the first success of the Beach Boys. There is only now.

However, the strength of the Beach Boys is that their yesterday is now. They are still making hits, still retaining their youthful image, still speaking in the music of their times.

The oldest Beach Boy is Mike Love, who is 25. He was there, in Hawthorne, California, when it all began for him and the Wilson brothers (who were three of his cousins on his mother's side) and for Al Jardine, amateur folk-singer who was going to be a dentist.

The first single was "Surfin!" It was a local hit and it was fainly recognized across the nation. Faintly, but sufficiently.

So sufficiently that when the follow-up, "Surfin Safari", was released, this record made the national charts as the big new sound of 1962.

In fact, the Beach Boys were the only excitement in American pop music then. Elvis was a mystical elder statesman who lived in seclusion, made three films a year and released ancient singles. The English invasion hadn't started and Buddy Holly, Big Bopper and Richie Valens had been dead for three years.

Richie Valens . . . there was a rocker!

And it is with a memorial concert in Los Angeles, that this story begins. A show in memory of Valens and his pounding, blinding contribution to rock and roll.

Mike Love told of this first-ever Beach Boy personal appearance. They were on the bill with the Carlos Brothers and the Ikettes.

Says Mike: "We earned $300 and we sang three songs and so we picked up $100 a song, which wasn't bad when you remember that I was a sheet metal apprentice.

"I don't think we were very good. We certainly didn't look great. We wore ochre-colored sport coats which cost us $30 each and our slacks, shirts and ties weren't what we'd have chosen for leisure wear, or to dig the garden even. But the thing then was for groups to wear uniforms, so uniforms we wore.

Mike was planning on no special career. He felt he would be successful however, but in a bland, unspectacular way.

"It seemed that I would make a good living by the normal process of working hard, buying and selling, buying and reselling and so on. Also I thought talent would help and maybe a little luck too. "You know . . . the all American formula."

But, in fact, Mike and the other Beach Boys began to see success coming swiftly.

For emerging in Brian Wilson were indications that he had a more-than-average talent for writing music.

But at the first show, for Valens, this quality was not important. The main thing at the primary concert, was to stand up and shout and perform as if the Beach Boys were the biggest happening in showbusiness.

Recalls Mike: "I was very nervous. Mainly, I was terrified."

He says: "I was so nervous that I decided never to be nervous again and I never have.

"It was quite easy. I just said, 'I won't be nervous. Who needs it?'"

Little Richard was one of the first heroes of Mike Love. This influence is there to be heard in many Mike Love songs and it was one early rock song "Johnny B. Goode" which was featured in the first Beach Boy concert.

And still is. It is now, almost as a tradition, the final number in a BB show.

Said Mike: "We always use some of the early stuff in our shows. It seems that audiences are sentimental. Every song brings a memory in their own lives."

FLiP
teen magazine

the mamas and papas as you've never seen them!

The story you are about to read was originally scheduled to appear on the back of The Mama's and The Papa's newest album. But, at the last minute, new notes were substituted. Because we believe that this story by Andy "Wipeout" Wickham, one of their closest friends, tells more about the MPs than anything ever written, we asked him for permission to print it. So, here it is—the very special unpublished notes published for the first time anywhere in the world!

It's funny really. All the writers have written about them and all the talkers have talked about them and there are those of us who have looked and listened and merely observed.

But nobody has ever done justice to Cass. She has been canonized as "large" (which is inadequate), "homely" (which is unforgiveable) and "abundant" (which is probably closest to the truth). One national magazine alluded to her as "a squat heap of person," which is rubbish, and another told us that she had "a lot of soul," which is true. But so have you and I, or we wouldn't be absorbed in this album in the first place.

And that's about all.

Which is funny. John has been likened to Don Quixote, and he never seems to tire of hearing how thin he is. Michelle has been likened to Tuesday Weld and she always has a winsome smile for those who tell her how pretty she is. And Denny—well, Denny has been likened to all kinds of people, dubious and otherwise.

In fact the Mama's and the Papa's are totally unlike anybody else, past or present, but if comparisons are to be drawn, then let's take a closer look at the magnificence of Mama Cass.

Mama Cass is regal, Elizabethan, almost mythological. Like Helen of Troy she carries all before her, and if Michelle would look good in a bikini (and she does), then Cass would look splendiferous in a toga. Mama Cass is corpulent. Yes. But who would have her any other way?

And now the album.

It took four months, millions of dollars and quite a few bottles of "Crown Royal" to make and it was all worth it. It is essentially a folky album, in concept at least, because the Mama's and the Papa's are essentially folky people. The music itself is chunky and funky and often rather lovely and a lot of it isn't folky at all. But the thoughts behind it are folky thoughts, so perhaps we ought to dignify the thing with some folky notes.

What we will do is report a few of the happenings which have been evolving in the never-never land of these extraordinary people since you

FLIP

heard their last recorded work.

Denny got rid of his beard and grew it again and then got rid of it. To enhance the overall confusion, Denny recently acquired an illustrious red Cadillac convertible—surely a cardinal sin in the poorer-than-thou world of folk'n'funk or whatever you want to call it.

Michelle's hair looks sunnier every day and her smile still sounds like church bells on a Sunday morning. Her large round sunglasses, suggestive of everything good, failed to annonymise her when she visited the Los Angeles Teenage Fair with Cass. The mauling she received brings back happy memories of our dear friend Fabian, who ruptured his back when opening a doughnut store all of six years ago.

There is something strangely unreal about Michelle. Like Holly Golightly before her, she belongs in Tiffany's on a Saturday afternoon—the mythical figure you notice immediately, but who is gone when you turn for the inevitable second glance.

Cass is twice as voluble as before and necessarily more aware of her existence, but she still finds time for the dulcet tones of Whispering Paul, and her laughter still floats along the palm-lined boulevards of California or wherever she is at the time.

She went to England with the others and returned harbouring happy memories of "Dolly's" in the wee wee hours, cab drivers picketing outside hotel lobbies, the King's Road on a Thursday afternoon in the rain, Players' cigarettes, a comfortable Victorian apartment vacated by Mick Jagger, antiques in the Portobello Road, smiling press-men in quaintly ill-fitting suits, tepid beer and raincoats, skirts which were hardly skirts at all, Harold Wilson preparing to reopen "The Cavern" and Andrew Oldham's Rolls Royce.

And in the middle of it all was Mama Cass, smiling, dancing, chattering, observing. England swings, says the international press, but there is something lacking. Is it a significant leader? An important role in the world? Economic stability? Of course it isn't. It's Mama Cass. And she'll be back.

John remains anguished in expression, the eyes brown and sad, the long fingers nervously fondling consecutive cigarettes, the smile tentative and uncertain. Only the moustache, curling defiantly toward the heavens, can give legitimate testimony to his deepest frame of mind.

He has a shining new motor-cycle and an enormous crash-helmet and he twirls and twines around the Hollywood Hills like a feverish insect. He hosts dignified parties at his hill-top mini-palace, and he has taken his menagerie on the road for a series of traditional one-nighters including a monumental jam-session at Forest Hills.

And so the album.

Lou Adler, demoniacal to the end beneath his fisherman's sunhat, summoned his moustachioed protege and issued him with a monosyllabic ultimatum: "Write!"

Always willing to oblige—because, after all, the Mama's and the Papa's are awfully obliging people—John took a flight into the burning desert and there, sitting in a Palm Springs sauna-bath at 106 degrees, he created the songs for this album.

Dig.

SPOONFUL'S JOE BUTLER

EXCLUSIVE: **Joe Butler—The Things I Love**

I LOVE–

–my new suspenders
–flying a DC-3
–taking pictures, especially of children, cops and priests
–Tara Browne's castle in Ireland
–going to observatories and looking at stars through telescopes
–pre-faded clothes
–roquefort dressing on lettuce wedges with a little pepper
–Pepe's tuna fish salad at the Night Owl Cafe in Greenwich Village. It's the best in the world!
–Googie's half-and-half draught beer
–getting 10 nuts instead of 7 out of the pistachio machine
–Zally's battles of wit with Erik Jacobsen (our producer) during recording sessions
–girls with overbite and a natural sense of "Gimme"
–Denny Wilson's ambidexterity. He can play the same thing on a drum with either hand.
–Hawaii–a beautiful place, with beautiful people.
–my new apartment on the 15th floor, with everything clean and fresh and loose
–walking in the Village, around and around and around and around.
–pedal steel guitars
–visiting my folks and helping my sister's children do their homework
–watching other groups play and occasionally sitting in on sessions
–reading fan mail and opening presents
–running into good friends I haven't seen in a long time
–reminiscing
–telling bad jokes
–getting out in the country and going barefoot.

FLIP

50 LOVES!

STEVE BOONE

EXCLUSIVE: **Steve Boone—The Things I Love**

I LOVE–
- –baseball
- –water skiing
- –the Chad Mitchell trio
- –Georgette
- –BLT's
- –my black motorcycle jacket
- –submarine race watching
- –Roo
- –London
- –sailing
- –milk
- –my white Fender bass
- –the boys at Kama Sutra
- –my cobra that I couldn't have
- –WKBW and Tonnawanda
- –the Ronettes
- –my tailor, Genie
- –meatloaf
- –painting houses
- –jellybeans
- –my new house
- –my credit cards
- –motorcycle racing
- –driving my car fast
- –flying

"INSIDE CARNABY STREET!"

THE OFFICIAL POP FASHION SCOOPS BY THE BEATLES' PERSONAL TAILOR -- DOUGIE MILLINGS!

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS, AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE WITH A THIMBLE!

I am just taking a long cool look at my bank balance sheet, and not feeling so hot, when the door swung open, the wind whistled through my wig, and surprise! in blows Sammy Davis Jnr. It had been ages since he last visited London, and he was stopping over for four days only to audition for the show "Golden Boy" to open here in January, 1967. "How many suits could I sew for him to take back"? We did our best, and before his departure we had a really swinging private audition with this King of Showbiz. In all the years that Gordon (my son) and I have been doing a kind of "Sonny and Cher Act" with the shears, **that** day was the highlight.

Visited Paul's home today to fit him for new things to wear on. Spectacular colours for sport coats—red, lavender and white outfit. His home a lovely Regency house, built in the period when our Mail was taken by Stagecoach, and yours by Pony Express. And that reminds me of an amusing incident concerning The Beatles. Some little while ago the boys were leaving a Recording Studio by car, when an over-enthusiastic fan ran forward and grabbed the nearside door—it swung wide, hit a lamp-standard and promptly parted from its hinges, landing in the roadway! John Lennon apparently undisturbed and even appearing to enjoy the situation shouted to driver Alf Bicknell "carry on, mate, it's great, it's like driving in a stagecoach." Which about sums up the imperturbable inscrutable, mysterious Lennon. He is a great collector of cars, in common with many of our music-loving customers. You'd really flip to see some of the high-performance Monsters occasionally parked outside our shop. Paul McCartney has an Aston Martin, an eager thirsty animal!, John Lennon a Ferrari, which can become airborne at the drop of an eyelash, Gordon Waller has a terrifyingly fast Hot-Rod of Italian ancestry that rattles my shop window each time he visits.

We are delighted to get each week, letters from Beatle fans in the U.S.A., and other countries, requesting information, about the Beatles clothing in the two feature films made. We did the complete for both, involving much work in colour-matching and styling, particularly in 'Help.' It was great fun working with them and I intend to show some of

Here's Dougie dressing the official wax dummies of The Beatles.

Paul's personal sketches shortly. We have always been in on their recording sessions, where these phenomena can be seen at their funniest! I recall a scene where they were tearing around the studio floor each of them with one foot on an amplifier stand (like a kids old fashioned scooter) and George hysterically saying it was like stock-car-racing, even George Martin, their Recording Manager, joining in the happy confusion.

Truly they are an inimitable foursome.

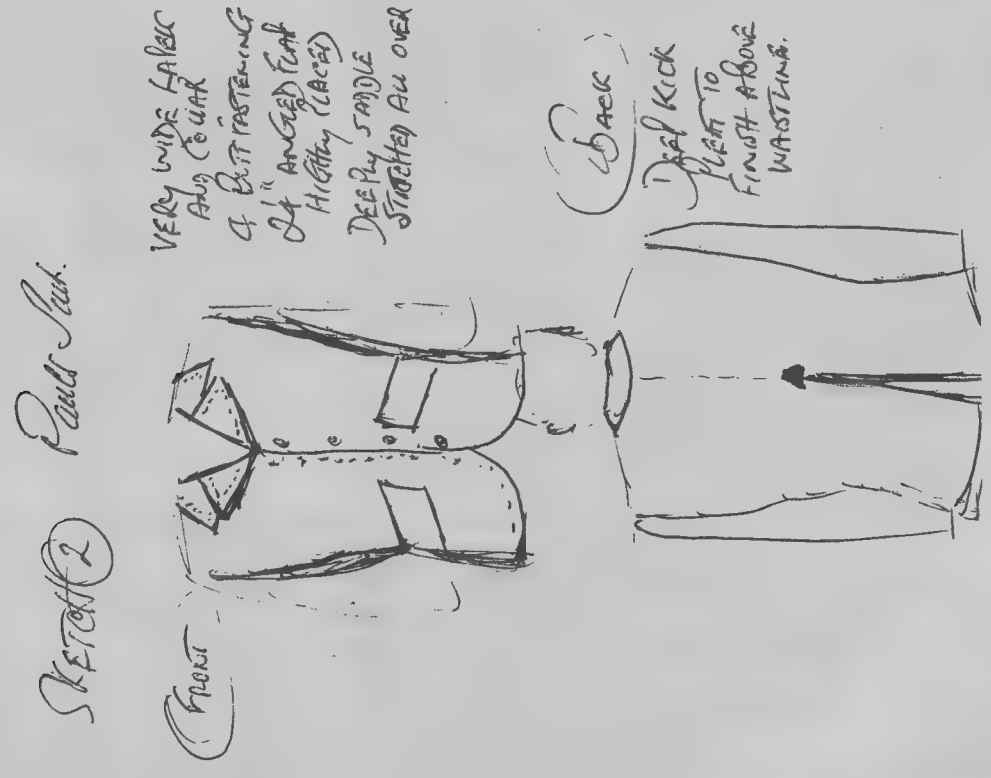
I suppose they would really prefer the Atlantic crossing in a Yellow Submarine to a Jet Flight (John would, no doubt, have it furnished with crimson velvet curtains).

Many of the named groups are at present doing Summer Season at various coastal resorts, so our ground floor rehearsal room is strangely quiet. During war 1939/45 it was used as a Public Airraid Shelter, when things **weren't** so quiet! As this street (a hundred yards from Piccadilly Circus) is now due for re-development in the near future, we do extend a welcome to anyone visiting London, to drop in on us before the very unusual demolition gang pulls the roof down around our ears. The buildings are about one hundred years old and were really lovely in their Heyday.

Roy Orbison stopped by recently to grab a handful of new things, and the irrepressible Beach Boys were well and truly stitched by us. Yes it's great to make friends through a thimble, I am glad I started, even when some character or other complains that his jacket's unzipped where there ain't a zip!

To a modest uninhibited, patient, truthful, lovable kind of guy like me, there's no business like Sew Business, (especially when you've a son around to help you sew on buttons). Must go now, **my** Lovin' Spoonful's waiting, so Tally Ho—and Whoops-A-Daisy!

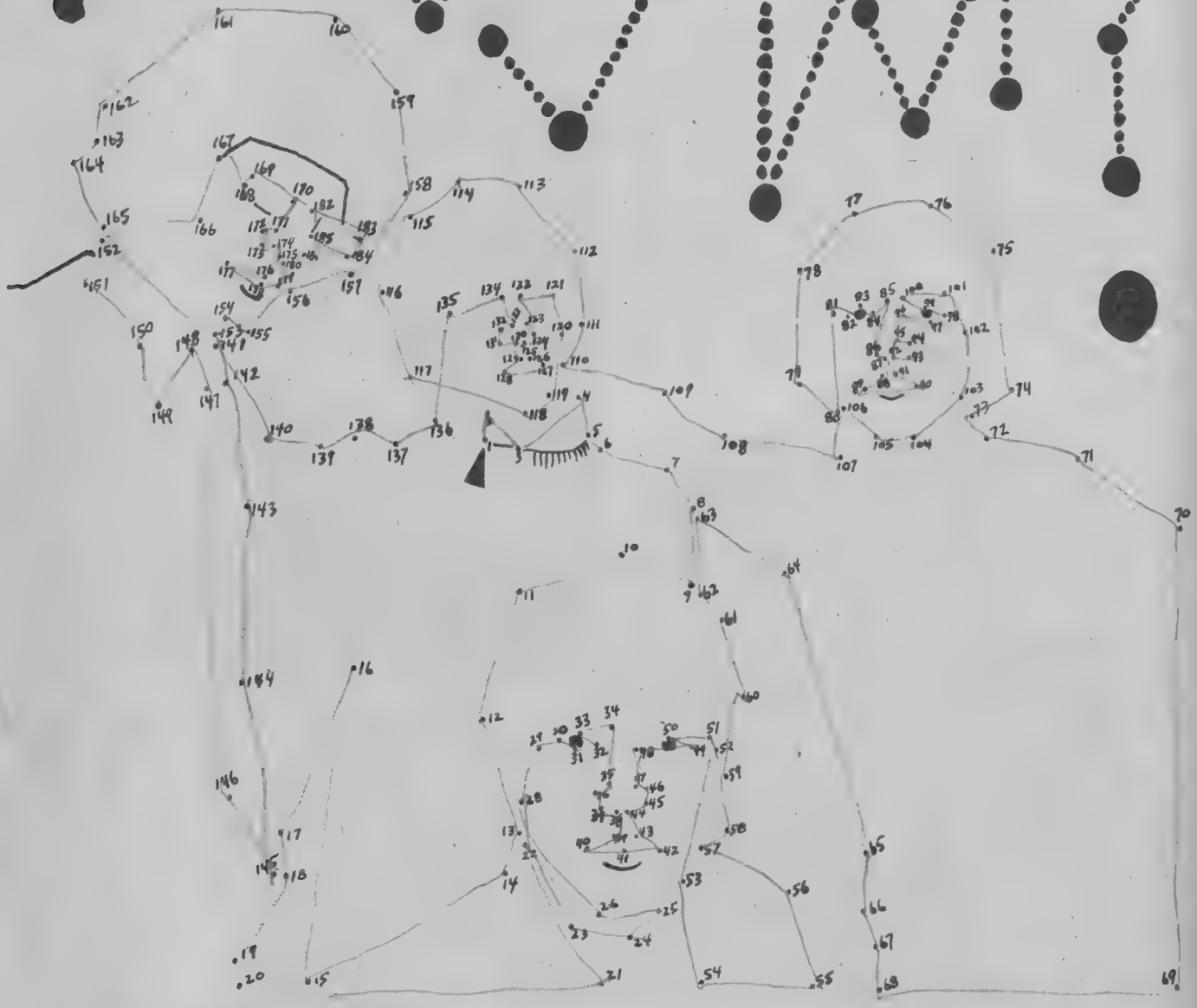
One of Dougie's greatest thrills came when Sammy Davis, Jr. asked him to create a personal wardrobe!



This is Dougie's sketch of a suit he created for Paul McCartney!

Dougie will be back next issue—on sale December 8th!

WHO'S DOT?



The dots are daffier than ever this issue!

Tucked between the lines are FOUR—count 'em—pop personalities instead of the usual solo star!

That kind of surprise calls for the biggest hint of all time: The collective name these four friends are known as begins with a "B"!

And the ten pop prizes they'll be giving away begins with a "G"—great, glorious and groovy!

All it takes is "C"—the FLIP-Clip Coupon on this pop page.

And then we'll wish you lots of "L"—luving luck!

SEND TO: WHO'S DOT, FLIP MAGAZINE, 1010 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

You can't fake me out! Ducking behind the daffy dots are The Byrds

NAME [illegible] AGE 14

ADDRESS [illegible]

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP 32101

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FOR FANG FLIP-ERS ONLY!

THE MOST PRIVATE LOOK AT THE BEATLES ON TOUR!

John skipping down a hallway singing, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary . . ."; Paul's half-serious, half-hilarious facial expressions (eyebrow raising and lowering, head tilting from side to side); Ringo commenting on two Polaroid Swingers on the same table, "Don't let them get too close to each other!"; George's sexy and bemused sidelong glances to friends and fellow Beatles while signing autographs. These are the glimpses into Beatledom from their 1966 U.S. tour that stand out in my mind.

Gone are the eager, bouncy, energetic foursome of 1964's tour. And the wary, cautious, tired quartet of the next year. In their places were solid, well-fed, comfortable, wise and kind Beatles, accustomed to the strain of presenting a good face to the ever-present public, still enthusiastic about seeing America and Americans, but bored by the same succession of hotel room, limousines, back alleys, thruways, locker rooms, chartered planes, white van trucks and armored cars. They seemed to be thinking, "There must be a better and easier and more effective way of performing for the fans."

But despite the fact that the tour was their nearly third identical one in a row, despite the increasing similarities, despite the whole trip melting into a Richard Lester collage, it was successful and they enjoyed it. "We like to see Americans every once in a while. They're so different from the British and yet the same."

The highlight of their tour, for the boys themselves, is the now-traditional stay in Los Angeles, where they can bask in the warm rays of the eternal sun. Though Hollywood becomes increasingly "cool" about visiting pop stars, she blows it completely for the Fab Four. No one is too old or too sophisticated or too hip to not devote their entire attention to finding a way to get through the security guards at the Beatle house. Few succeed, but nearly everyone tries. The methods are my-

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riad, suited to the age, sex, income, and connections of the individual.

This year even fewer succeeded. David Crosby made it. So did Cass Elliot. And so did the lucky girl who had just a moment, but what a precious moment, standing in the living room staring in awe and amazement and love, before the guard spotted her and asked her to leave.

And while people were trying to get into the Beatles, the Beatles were trying to get out to the people. Two made it.

On Friday night, the day after their Seattle concert, first Paul, then George snuck past the multitude outside to the home of Derek Taylor, their former press agent and loyal friend. Also at the luxurious Laurel Canyon home were Brian and Carl Wilson. And what transpired at this meeting of the minds?

"Look here, I'm Paul McCartney and you're Brian Wilson. Let's get that rubbish out of the way." The introductions completed, they proceeded to the common interest—music: praising, criticizing, commenting, questioning and so on into the night.

So there was one Beatle escape into the "normal" world, chatting with friends, making new ones, without the stigma of keeping up an image.

But then, the Beatles' present-day image isn't that hard for them to keep up. We are beginning to realize that they are "people" with wives and families and girl friends just like everyone else, only a bit more famous.

Ringo has certainly found his true calling as a family man. He is always eager to talk about Maureen and Zak as any husband and father would rave over wife and child. Unlike many daddies however, he doesn't do much shopping for toys. "The fans send me so many!" he exclaims, truly surprised and pleased that the girls who once longed to hold his hand have rearranged their devotion to include his family. "I've only bought him one—a teddy bear. Of course, he likes it the best," he laughs. "They send presents to Maureen, too, and they still send things to me. I suppose the mail has slowed down a bit since we've been married but it still comes and comes and comes. Maybe it will forever."

George was more comfortable and settled and contented. And more happy-go-lucky, except on airplanes. On the flight to Seattle on a four-engine plane, instead of the usual jet, the plane began to rock and sway, spilling drinks all over and making it impossible for even the stewardesses to walk erect down the aisle. At the first sign of uneasy flying, Paul rushed up to the pilot's compartment, but George turned white, snapped on his seat belt and became very quiet. Even after the sailing was smooth again, George's brow was still wrinkled and it remained so until it touched down in Seattle. A bit of the high sensitivity has been rubbed down to tolerant patience; the sarcastic and caustic remarks are tempered with good-humor and that sidelong glance with the raising of the famous eyebrow, as well-known for its bushiness and Paul's are for their fine archness. He is at ease, calm, not "cool." He knows more about himself and relations with others and the world at large. The view is not nearly so dim nor distorted.

Paul is in his prime. The last bachelor, he is relishing the intensified, frantic and desperate popularity which this status has given him. The girls are concentrating on him and his ego enjoys the adoring looks, the screaming voices, the tearstained cheeks—they are for him, who could resist? Not that he needs a larger hat size. He's been seeing all this for years now and has it all in the proper perspective. But he cannot resist the gratification it gives him. And why should he? This year he has said that he will probably marry Jane Asher. He has also said that "it's not necessarily my decision. Everyone assumes that Jane is just sitting around waiting for me to ring up and say, 'Well, let's get married.' She's not at all. She's got a career of her own. A rising career. She's got her own business life to look after. When we both decide it's time, then it will be time. But it's not a matter of my deciding that the Beatles are dying anyway so I may as well get married." He is confident, pleasant, delightful, and charming, eternally grinning and smiling. And happy.

John. It was not the same Joh who toured this year as in the past. It was not the same one at all. He was different, more different than the others. There was no "life." He seemed to take no pleasure in anything, except perhaps the few moments on stage every night. He didn't have the heart to quip at press conferences. Everything was a drag. He didn't complain. There were no wild, screaming scenes. But there was also no vibrant, alive, energetic John. Except for this new attitude, he looked great, having lost twenty pounds and having had a haircut from George at mid-tour. His personal popularity has multiplied yearly. He is universally respected for his many artistic talents. When he speaks (and when we can hear him speak) he gets worshipful silence and serious thinking is done over his comments. He appreciates this, perhaps too well after the Beatles vs. Christ hassle. But somehow, it looked like he was saying to himself, here I am nearly 26 years old and what am I doing? Spending my time in dressing rooms, which are really basketball locker rooms. Why?

They look forward, as a group and individually, to returning to America, but not like in years past. They agree, along with more and more American and British groups, that the standard concert line-up is no longer good enough entertainment for the fans.

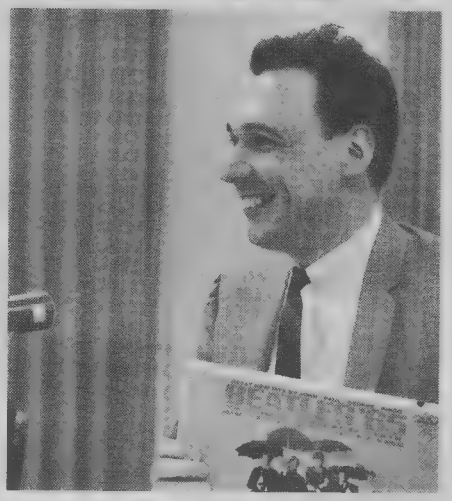
Next year, they will change again. We will see new Beatles, looking much the same, but changing constantly inside, just like the rest of us. Isn't that really their secret of success?

RON RILEY HAS THE FINAL WORD (!) ON THE BEATLES' "SCARE"!

Ron Riley is the most popular DJ in mid-America. As the early evening star of WLS-Radio, Chicago, he is heard in 35 swinging states! As FLIP's exciting columnist, he is heard around the world! Stay tuned for raving Ron in the next issue of FLIP!

Believe it or not, I got my column in on time (ta-ta, ta-ta) and our noble editor suffered his 18th nervous breakdown and I don't want to be responsible for his 19th. Last time, I had to phone it in. And judging from the response, I should have saved my dime. Most of the time, I kid around on this page, but for the next couple of hundred words, I would like to be cereal—I mean serious. Hoekay?

Never in the history of Beatlemania did the Beatles receive more attention from the adult world than during the past few months after an American teen magazine printed John Lennon's views on religion. Summarizing, what he said was that the Beatles were now more popular than Christ. Needless to say, the remark caused quite a bit of commotion, and the whole thing proved to be rather unfortunate for John as well as for the other three Beatles. Lots of people were bugged about it; sides were taken, and thousands of anti-pop music elements had hoped, finally, that this was the Beatle's downfall. And for a while, it looked like it. Everything to smash the Beatles and play up the story made front page news. And for probably the first time, fans questioned their idols' views while adults spread their dislike for the four even more extensively.



I know by now you've read and heard a jillion things about what John was supposed to have said and what he was supposed to have meant by it. But the original article was not at all what it was made up to be. Actually, the manuscript was written by a journalist-friend of the Beatles, Maureen Cleaves, and was an in-depth report exclusively for the LONDON EVENING STAR on all four of the guys concerning their views on many aspects of life.

They were asked to speak openly and honestly during the interview, and did just that. The article on John covered just about everything from what he thinks of himself to what he thinks about Christianity. He summed up his feeling when he stated, "We're more popular than Jesus now; I don't know which will go first—rock and roll or Christianity." But it wasn't until about six months later, when John's words were printed in an American teen magazine, that the whole unreasonable mess took root. It wasn't any one person's fault, necessarily, although a lot of blame was put on the teen magazine that carried the article, that John's words were so distorted and mistaken. It was more like the old story of bad news spreads faster than good news, and people just seemed to pick up on the story, regardless of their knowledge on the subject and began to misquote and supplement it with their own ideas until the thing snowballed into one gigantic misconception.

It didn't take long for word to get back to England that the Americans were disgusted with the "literary Beatle's" views on Christ, and soon Brian Epstein was in New York explaining to the press why John said what he did and what his intentions were—if any. Actually all poor John meant was that less important, material things were taking the place of Christ and he was astonished at the great decline in the past 50 years of the Church of England. He didn't mean to be boasting of the Beatle's fame, nor did he mean to sound sacrilegious, as some seemed to think. As John said later at the press conference held here in Chicago on August 11, "I suppose had I said television was becoming more popular than Christ, it would have been all right. But the Beatles, groups, and music are what I'm associated with, and that's the first thing that came to my mind."

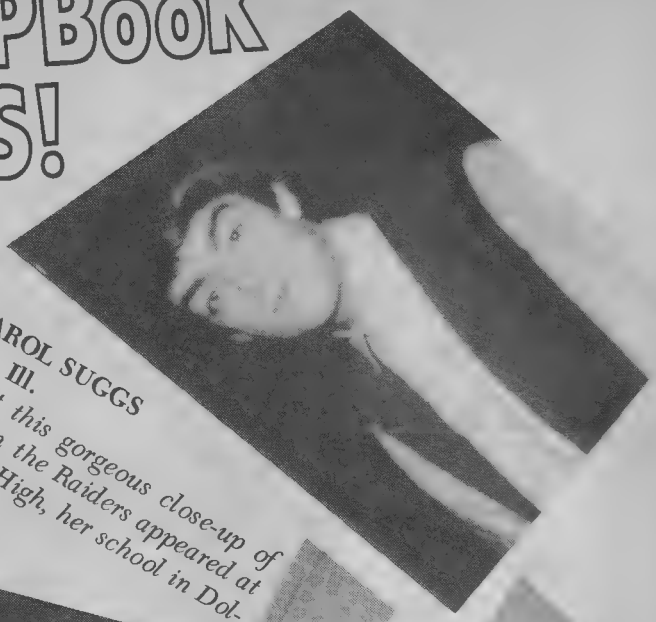
Some little known disk jockeys from some very small radio stations heard about the article and tried to stir up a little nationwide publicity for themselves by organizing what was called a 'ban the Beatles campaign.' A few other small stations joined forces with them and urged teens to burn their Beatle records—which few did, I'm happy to say. Why anyone would want to launch a hate campaign of prejudice against a group of four guys who have not only given the world so much enjoyment, but also opened up the doors to the music field for hundreds of other vocalists and groups, I'll never understand. But luckily, it didn't gain enough momentum to really get under way.

I think just about everybody realizes, now, that John didn't really mean anything negative about Christ and the Church at all, even though the explanations about the statement by John and Brian Epstein didn't make front page news like the actual story did. But John seems to be making front page news again anyway, with him getting his hair cut short and all for the movie. I don't think there's going to be much negative response to *that.* HOW I WON THE WAR should be a gas.

Stay outta trees!

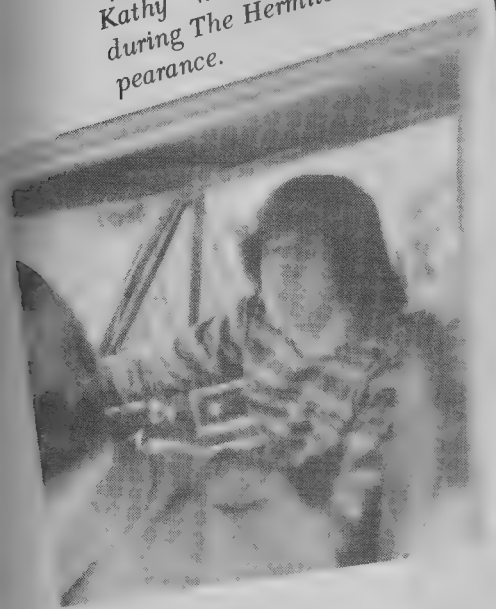
SuPer SCooP scRaPBooK STaR sNaPS!

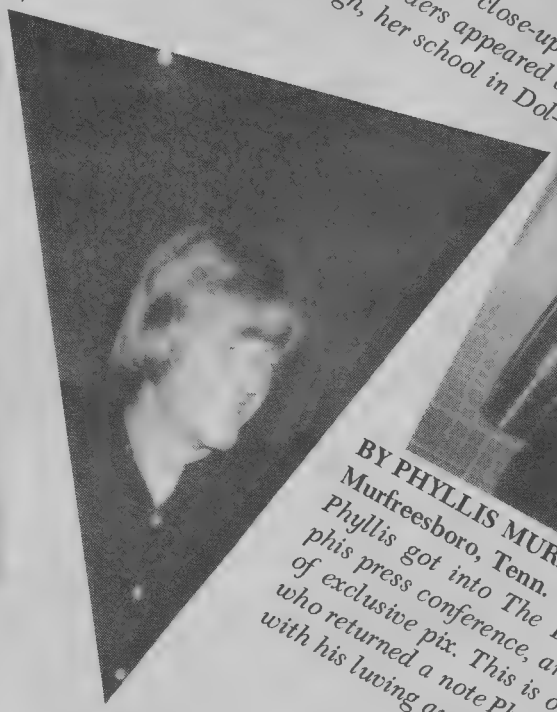
BY FLIP PRESS CLUB MEMBERS!



BY CAROL SUGGS
Dolton, Ill.
Carol got this gorgeous close-up of Mark when the Raiders appeared at Thornridge High, her school in Dolton.

BY KATHY NELSON
Sylacauga, Alabama
Kathy konquered Karl backstage during The Hermits Birmingham appearance.





BY PHYLLIS MURPHY
Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Phyllis got into The Beatles' Memphis press conference, and took a set of exclusive pix. This is one of John, who returned a note Phyllis gave him with his luving autograph!

BY EILEEN HIRSCH
Milltown, N.J.
"I was lucky to be there when they stopped the car," says Eileen. Here's the happy result.

STOP! THIS IS FOR YOUR EYES ONLY!

Instead of sending quarterly FLIP PRESS CLUB BULLETINS to members, there will now be EXCLUSIVE MONTHLY MESSAGES IN CODE for FPCers! They will announce secret scoops and surprises on this page each issue.

All current FPCers will be getting a copy of the Code in their last Bulletin, which will be mailed shortly. All future FPCers will be let in on the Code when their membership is accepted.

Dusty Peters, the FLIP Press Club's Secretary, admits that she had a very hard time choosing between pictures to select the groovy group for this issue. "They were all so good," she moaned, before finally asking Steve to help make the selections. "Now," she says, "I've got someone I can blame it on when the letters asking 'why wasn't mine chosen?' start coming in!"

Seriously, though, the photos taken in the last few months by lucky and talented FPCers have been fantastic! Our staff fotogs have been gasping at the imagination of some of them. If you're an FPCer, congratulations and keep up the groovy work! If you're not yet an FPCer, and are a camera bug, all you've got to do is fill in the coupon, add a dollar to it and join The Club!

Send to: FPC, FLIP Magazine, 1010 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021

Here's my dollar. I'd like to join The FPC!

Name ..... **Age** .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** ..... **Zip** .....

it's all here! the column the stars read!

BY KEITH ALTHAM

OUR MAN FROM U. N. K. L. E.

LONDON—Some day I am going to write a book titled "I rode with **SONNY AND CHER** from Wembly Park to Finsbury Astoria—and lived" . . . Record producer **MIKE LEANDER** currently arranging numbers for the **ROLLING STONES, CLIFF RICHARD, PAUL AND BARRY RYAN, MARIANNE FAITHFULL, PAUL JONES, BILLY FURY** and he wrote **PETER AND GORDON's** last single "Lady Godiva" . . . Former Animal's fan club secretary Maureen Ferbache now running Sonny and Cher's British fan club . Andrew Oldham's personal assistant Cynthia and Stones road manager **IAN STEWART** engaged . . . **JOHN LENNON** claims the Beatles have never been Goody Goodies . . . According to co-manager Barry Clayman, **SCOTT WALKER** has been stereo-typed by screen writers as a dope addict or a clown . . . **THE SMALL FACES** and the **WALKER BROTHERS** have declined a cameo role in a Brigitte Bardot film "Two Weeks To September" but **ROLLING STONES** had first refusal months previously . . . How come the **BEATLES** fans let their idols be defeated by over four thousand votes in favour of **BILLY FURY** on recent Radio Luxembourg programme? . . . Ironic that when **SCOTT ENGEL** was found in that gas filled London flat there should be a copy of Dostoyevsky's "Idiot" by his side—happy to say that Scott now seems fully recovered . . . **SONNY AND CHER** and the **SMALL FACES** renewed their mutual admiration society on recent visit . . . **TROGGS** manager Larry Page new Weybridge home makes **RINGO** and **JOHN** next door neighbours . . . **KINK PETE QUAIFE'S** car injuries were more serious than anyone realised . . . **SPOONFUL'S** publicist Drawling **DAN MORIARTY** welcome back any time . . . **ERIC BURDON** and **HERMAN** unimpressed after their chance meeting with the KKK in the U.S. . . . **CHER** still likes **DONOVAN** but wishes he had not gone all Oriental on them . . . **TROGGS** now record on their manager's own label "Page One Records" . . . Everyone thought that Sonny and Cher's private audience with the Pope was a hoax here . . . **PAUL AND BARRY RYAN** the youngest ones on British pop scene at seventeen . . . Rumours that **ERIC HAYDOCK** might join the Kinks should be disregarded . . . Scenes for **ELVIS PRESLEY'S** next movie "Double Trouble" were shot in London Cromwellian Club . . . First disc in tribute of the

mini skirt here by **DAVID ESSEX** titled 'Thigh High' . . . **PAUL McCARTNEY** produced Cliff Bennett's version of his composition "Got To Get You Into My Life" early one morning at EMI studios in his carpet slippers . . . **EX-SEARCHER CHRIS CURTIS** now a blond . . . **EX-YARDBIRD PAUL SAMWELL SMITH, EX-ANIMAL HILTON VALENTINE** and composer **GRAHAM GOULDMAN** joining forces to record under the direction of **HERMAN'S** manager Harvey Lisberg . . . **BRIAN EPSTEIN** providing backing for English bull fighter Henry Higgins . . . Sorry, Colonel, but those **ELVIS** films are still playing to half empty cinemas nowadays . . . **HERMAN** completed filming here with Sir Michael Redgrave and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in "the Canterville Ghost" . . . **PAUL McCARTNEY** has his very own lamppost to lean on situated inside his garden wall at his North London home . . . **GORDON WALLER** latest in the moustache mistakes . . . We seem to have lost the **SEARCHERS** , , , **TROGGS** the nicest foursome in a long long long while . . . **SMALL FACE STEVE MARRIOT** expelled from Sandringham Secondary Modern School at thirteen for burning it down—seems reasonable . . . British DJ Jimmy Savile refers to it as the chewing gum song—"Eleanor Wrigley" . . . Girl group the **SHE TRINITY** being dragged off stage by boys in Ramsgate . . . **SCOTT ENGEL** a modern jazz fanatic . . . **MANFRED MANN** recovering from catching Yusef Lateef in Copenhagen . . . New **MANFRED MIKE D'ABO** dating model Maggie London . . . **RAY DAVIES** says he intends to do no work next year during the football season . . . **PRETTY THINGS** launching written attacks on the Beatles in British trade papers . . . **NAPOLEON** slammed **DYLAN** in press here . . . Rumours that **PAUL McCARTNEY, GEORGE HARRISON, ERIC BURDON** and **DONOVAN** plan to buy a West End Theatre . . . John Lennon's "No Flies On Harry" reproduced in Pan Book of Horror Stories number six . . . Doesn't **ROY ORBISON'S** "Too Soon To Know" sound like Presley's "Can't Help Falling In Love?" . . . **MICK JAGGER** and **ANDREW OLDHAM** watching new group the **MOVE** at London Marquee . . . **ERIC STEWART** of the Mindbender reports American scene poor considering it is the home of pop music. . . **GORDON WALLER** claims to have bought a monkey and had to get rid of it because of the rude things it wrote on the walls . . . How's your day, Sonny? . . . **HERMAN** went into London joke shop for a disguise before attending preview of his film "Hold On" . . . **KEITH RICHARD** and **BRIAN JONES** attended performance by the Artwoods at London Blaises club . . . **SONNY AND CHER'S** all-round-American-manager Harvey Kresky holds the World Record for a lap of the Royal Suite in London's Royal Garden Hotel. . . . **KINK PETE QUAIFE,** out of the group for over four months following a car accident, now taking a job with BEA airlines in Copenhagen . . . A girl called Annette also in Pete's life and Daddy is a millionaire . . . **ZOOT MONEY** say his best friend **ERIC BURDON** will not talk to him now he has made the charts—they're kidding as usual . . . Zoot's current trend setting T shirt bears the words "Burdon Needs Money." . . . **EX-YARDBIRDS** manager **GIROGIO GOMELSKY** making money for jam with his newly launched Marmalade label . . . **MAMA MICHELLE**—yes . . . Cher—I actually saw someone hanging over one of those pointed fences last week . . . Steve Marriot of the Small Faces has more than his fair share of talent . . . **MICK JAGGER** crashed his Aston Martin recently . . . Memo to Andy Wickham: did you know that your replacement at Immediate Records, Ray Tolliday, also shares our literary aspirations? . . . Manager Rick Gunnell now looks after Alan **PRICE** and George **FAME** and Zoot **MONEY** which must prove something . . . Title of **TROGGS** next LP will be Trogglodynamite, coined by guess who? . . . Expect report shortly announcing **JANE ASHER** says yes she will marry **PAUL**—there hasn't been one for about three months!

IF YOU'LL "TALK" TO US, WE PROMISE TO LISTEN (CAREFULLY)!

Here is your chance to be heard!

We care very much about your opinions, ideas and thoughts!

And the easiest and surest way for us to get them is to ask you to fill out this poll page and get it back to us.

Everyone we receive is read, and everyone is used to shape FLIP's future (and, incidentally, the pop publicity future of the stars).

So, if you've got a couple of seconds, why not scribble your scrambled thoughts on this page?

We'd love to have the chance to unscramble them!

Thank you.

SEND TO: POLL, FLIP MAGAZINE, 1010 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

Which teen magazines do you read? .....

Which is your favorite? .....

Why? .....

What are your 5 favorite TV shows? .....

How many hours of radio do you listen to daily? .....

What station? ..... **What time?** ..... **Why?** .....

Who are your 3 favorite male singers? .....

Who are your 3 favorite female singers? .....

Who are your 5 favorite groups? .....

Do you ever read a daily newspaper? .....

What's your favorite brand of cosmetics? .....

Do you think your parents understand you? .....

Do you understand them? .....

What's your favorite story in this issue of FLIP? .....

Why? .....

What story could you have lived without? .....

Why? .....

If you were the editor of FLIP, what would you do? .....

How many people have read your copy of FLIP? .....

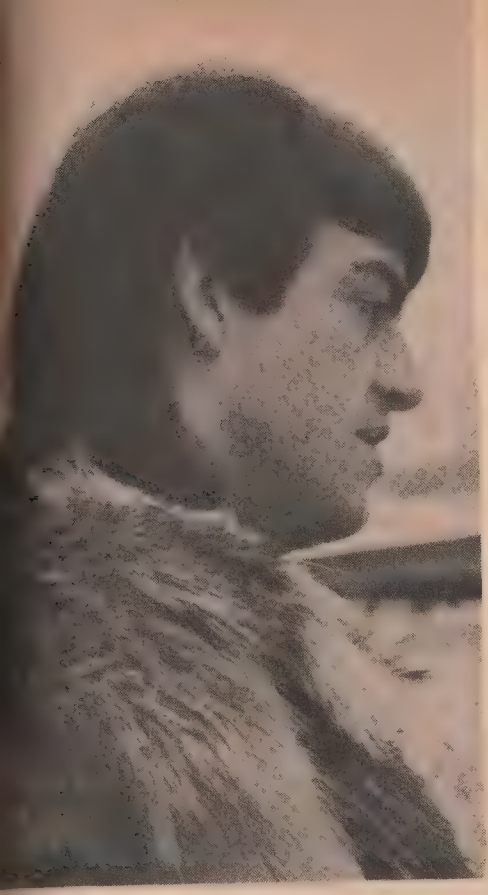
In there anything you want us to know? .....

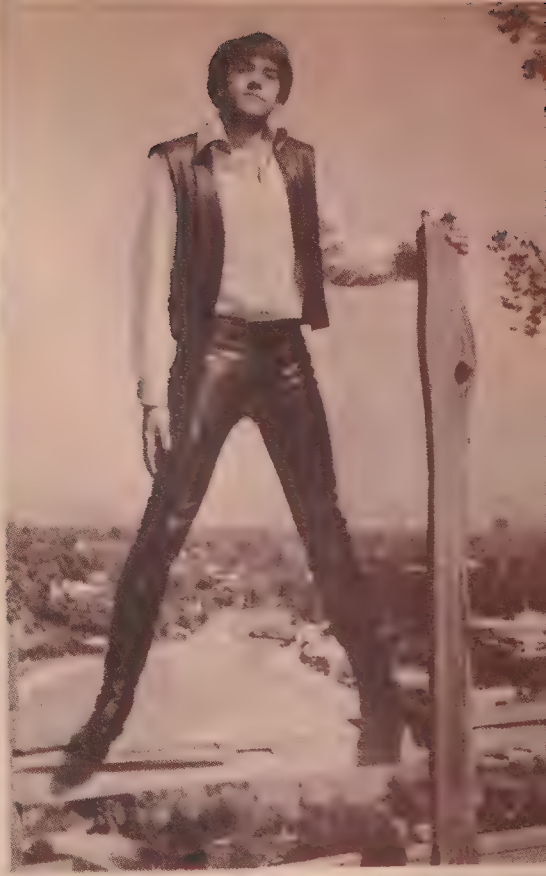
(Thank you!)

NAME ..... **AGE**.....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **STATE** ..... **ZIP** .....





FOR LINDSAY LUVVERS ONLY!

"WHERE WE'LL BE IN

The Raiders Future

BY MIKE SMITH

I envy Harpo. No, I don't. I admire him. He has everything clear in his mind and that helps in these uncertain times.

"What about the future?" I ask myself when people ask me, "What about the future?"

I can't help but stammer a bit, you understand. The trouble is there are about two million things (give or take a hundred thousand, more or less) I'd like to do and not all of them relate to being a Raider.

But being a Raider is mostly what fills the here-and-now, which is nothing if not confusing.

Do you understand me?

I have a larger feeling of paranoia than I would choose to have about this lovely country of ours building itself into dust.

Also, I want to go into business and produce art films and help other people to make records.

So many things, you can see, crowd my brain which, itself, is not as large as my mother and father planned it should be. Or hoped.

How big a brain can any one man accommodate, I'd like to know? Not too big, I guess.

I would like to have a brain which is larger than my head. That is really the only thing I know for sure.

Ultimately I want to take over the world, with the assistance of a few well-chosen friends. Not for personal satisfaction or in the pursuit of power. But just to try and bring some gentle, peaceful, loving reality to the chaos which faces us.

I would like to own property, I should have mentioned earlier, but it really seems so selfish. I want to be happy and creative, for sure.

And certainly travel, paint, write, sing, see, hear and read.

Please, may I also, help a little and laugh a lot?

A world of love is very in. It always was.

TEN YEARS..."

BY JIM (HARPO) VALLEY

In ten years I will be 31 years old and tremendously rich, I hope.

I don't want to be rich just to be rich. I mean, not just so that *I* can enjoy myself.

I picture me as a modern-day Santa Clause, sitting up in my mansion, buying presents and sending them out anonymously—I don't care about being thanked.

This mansion of mine will be about three hours flying time from town (by Lear jet, which now costs $750,000 but which should be cheap enough for me to afford by then).

Los Angeles is a nice town, so I may buy the house there (but the more I'm away from the simplicity of the Northwest, the more I appreciate the Northwest).

The house has got to be enormous—I want plenty of room for wrapping gifts and the reindeer and elves will need space.

The Hearst Castle would be nice... how much do you think it would go for?

How will I get all this money? Aha. If things come through for the Raiders like they should, we'll have enough in the next *five* years, or ten at the most.

I hope we'll make lots of movies. I'd like to sit up in my mansion and watch old Paul Revere and the Raiders movies on TV.

I like playing at dances, though. So does Drake, my Raider predecessor. Maybe *we'll* get together and play at dances when we're thirty-one. Drake and harpo. No, *Harpo* and Drake.

Dances would probably be more fun than movies, but you can't beat the money you get from films. There's so much waiting around when you're filming something. But then we spend 90% of our time waiting around anyway.

However, it's worth it. The other 10% is great. And I'm getting attached to my modern-day Santa Claus idea.

If I'm broke at 31, however, then I'll dig ditches and dance in them in my bare feet.

"MY LIFE WITH THE HERMITS!"

"MY LIFE WITH TH HERMITS!"

"MY LIFE WITH HERMITS!"

"MY LIFE WITH HERMITS!"

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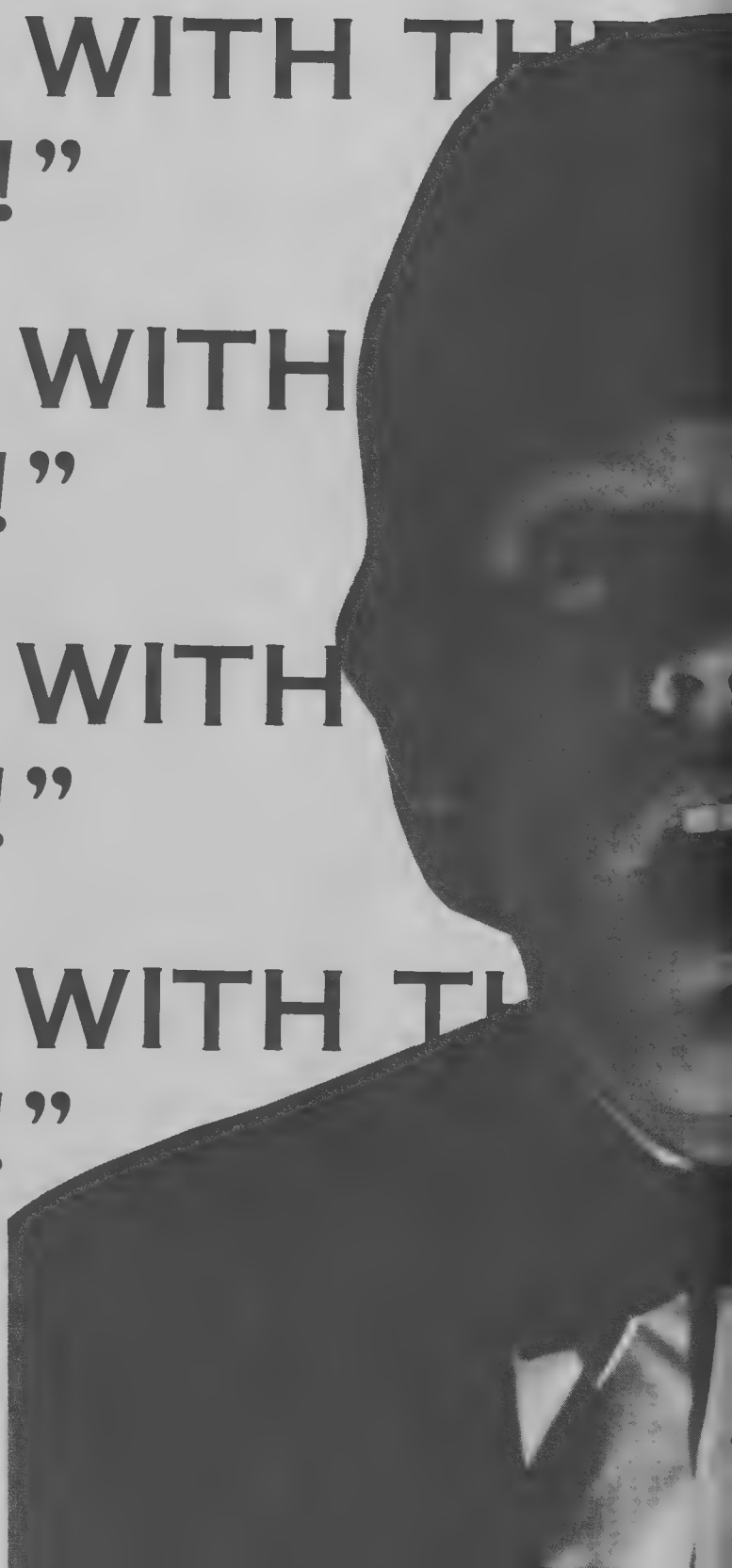
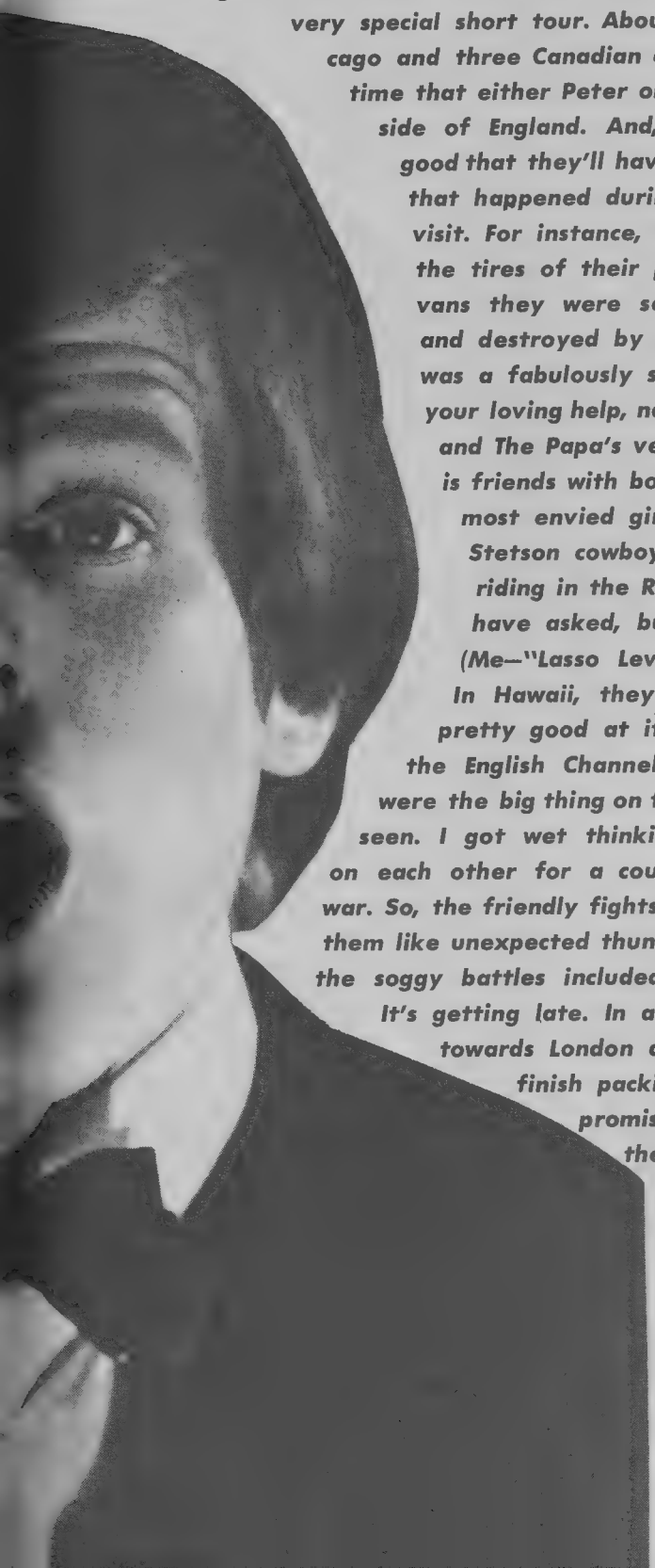
"MY LIFE HERMITS!





First of all, Peter wants to reassure you that his smashed fingers have healed nicely and that there is nothing to worry about. As you know, after their last appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show," Herman got three of his fingers crushed in the car door as the group was trying to get back to the hotel. But even though it looked bad, the doctor reassured Peter that the bruises would heal, the pain would disappear and his hand would quickly be as good as new. And, happily, it's all worked out just as he predicted. Another bit of happy and surprising medical news is that Peter's young mother is expecting . . . again! and frankly, Pete is hoping for another kid brother, although, of course, he would love another baby sister equally. Memories of the great summer tour still flood all of our minds, even this long after the trip ended. And, around Christmas, by the way, the group will be back for a very special short tour. About twelve cities will be hosts to the group, including Chicago and three Canadian cities (Montreal, Quebec and Ottowa). It will be the first time that either Peter or Keith, Lek, Barry and Karl have spent that holiday outside of England. And, since they'll be visiting Canada, the chances are very good that they'll have a White Christmas! They hope that some of the things that happened during the summer tour won't be repeated on this exciting visit. For instance, the time fans in San Jose, California, let the air out of the tires of their plane, almost grounding it. Or the time that the police vans they were secretly going to the concert in were almost discovered and destroyed by happy Los Angeles fans. But, over-all, the summer tour was a fabulously successful one, and one the group hopes to repeat, with your loving help, next summer. In Hollywood, Peter got to know The Mama's and The Papa's very well, especially marvelously mad Cass. Now that Cass is friends with both the Beatles and the Hermits, she must be one of the most envied girls in the world! Can you imagine all of the Hermits in Stetson cowboy hats? That's what happened when they went horseback riding in the Rockies just outside of Denver, Colorado. Probably should have asked, but I really don't know if they were riding English-style! (Me—"Lasso Levine"—watched the horsy happenings from the corral!). In Hawaii, they went surfing and water-skiing. Surprisingly, they're all pretty good at it, even though they'd never done it before. (Surfing in the English Channel is not encouraged!). Speaking of water, water pistols were the big thing on the tour. The guys had water pistol duels like you've never seen. I got wet thinking about them! After they emptied their water pistols on each other for a couple of weeks, they decided to make it an all-out water war. So, the friendly fights included buckets of water—with water sloshing between them like unexpected thunderstorms! And, then, when the buckets weren't enough, the soggy battles included turned-on fire hoses!! And that's where I turned off. It's getting late. In about two hours, I'll be on a trans-Atlantic jet streaking towards London and a 10-day visit with Peter and his family. I'd better finish packing, and making sure that everything is in order. But I promise to come back with personal scoops and surprises in the next issue of FLIP—which will be available on December 8th.

Until then . . . Happy Herman Happenings!!

BY BOB LEVINE
Their American Road Manager

THE BYRDS GIVE OUT 100 (PRIVATE) THOUGHTS!

Call it whatever you want—a "Pop Probe," a "Pop Think-In," or "Psychopopalysis!"—but, under any name, it's the game FLIP invented! Playing it for us this month are THE BYRDS—who were flipped out that we gave them the chance to flip out!

Jim McGuinn and his favorite Sitaar!

Jim

MONEY change
CHURCH change
HARMONY Bach
CLOTHES isolation
COMIC BOOKS escape
JEWELRY monarchy
JOAN BAEZ Jaguar
FLYING scrambled eggs
SOUND light
FREAK ten cents
HIPPIE renaissance
ELECTRONIC MUSIC frontier
MEAT Troggs
FOLK-ROCK absurdity
FANS electric
LONDON limestone
FLYING SAUCERS frontier
SOUL life
CLOCKS arbitrary reality
BEATLES fine arts
THE BOMB flowers
CHUCK BERRY Fats Domino
DOORS potatoes
LAUNDRY water hole

Mike Clarke "swinging" out!

Mike

TAMBOURINE necessary
MICROPHONE usually cruddy
STONE rolled
BRIEFCASE don't use 'em
MAGAZINE some
TELEPHONE bore
HIGH SCHOOL ugh
GENE CLARK yea!
NAPOLEON loser
OLD AGE decrepit; blind
SUNDAY resting
FOOTBALL drag
RACING dead
HORROR FILMS a lot
JOHN LENNON love
JOHN F. KENNEDY late
JOHN SEBASTION fun
KOREA Red China
KINKS suntanned probably
THE MOON spoon
JEANS baggy
SNAKES sabotage
DOGS asthma
MOUNTAINS big
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY really?

David Crosby and friend!

DAVE

HOME warmth
HOTELS plastic
ARGUMENTS futile
ALBUM creativity
LYRICS poetry
GRAY concrete
RAIN window panes
BACH organ
SAN FRANCISCO schooners
BOX avoid
CONCERT intensity
BEATLES joy
FREAK freedom
FLYING SAUCERS definitely
TIME one dimension out of many
SOUL spirit
PUZZLE flowers
DODGER STADIUM awe
FLYING happiness, excitement
MICROPHONE work
CHURCH dull
STERO earphones
WINDOW open
MIND open
CAR Porsche

Chris Hillman looking ahead!

CHRIS

OLD AGE cripple
MIRROR awful in the morning
NEWSPAPER death and destruction
VELOUR velour?!?!
SINATRA smooth
TURN, TURN, TURN we needed it
MANDOLIN gone
DESK never heard of it
SWIMMING POOL fun
TREES magnificent
AMPLIFIER trouble
CYMBAL clang
BEACH BOYS striped shirts
CANDLE soft
VIBRATIONS everywhere
FOLK MUSIC relaxing
FLYING fine for Byrds or birds
HYMN choir
HURRY concerts
SKYSCRAPER loneliness
ORGAN liver
COMMERCIAL plastic
PATRIOTISM flag waving
PAUL McCARTNEY genius
PAUL GETTY crafty

WHAT THE

MIKE

I LIKE:
LADDERS
BOOTS
CIGARS
BLACK
WHITE VINYL

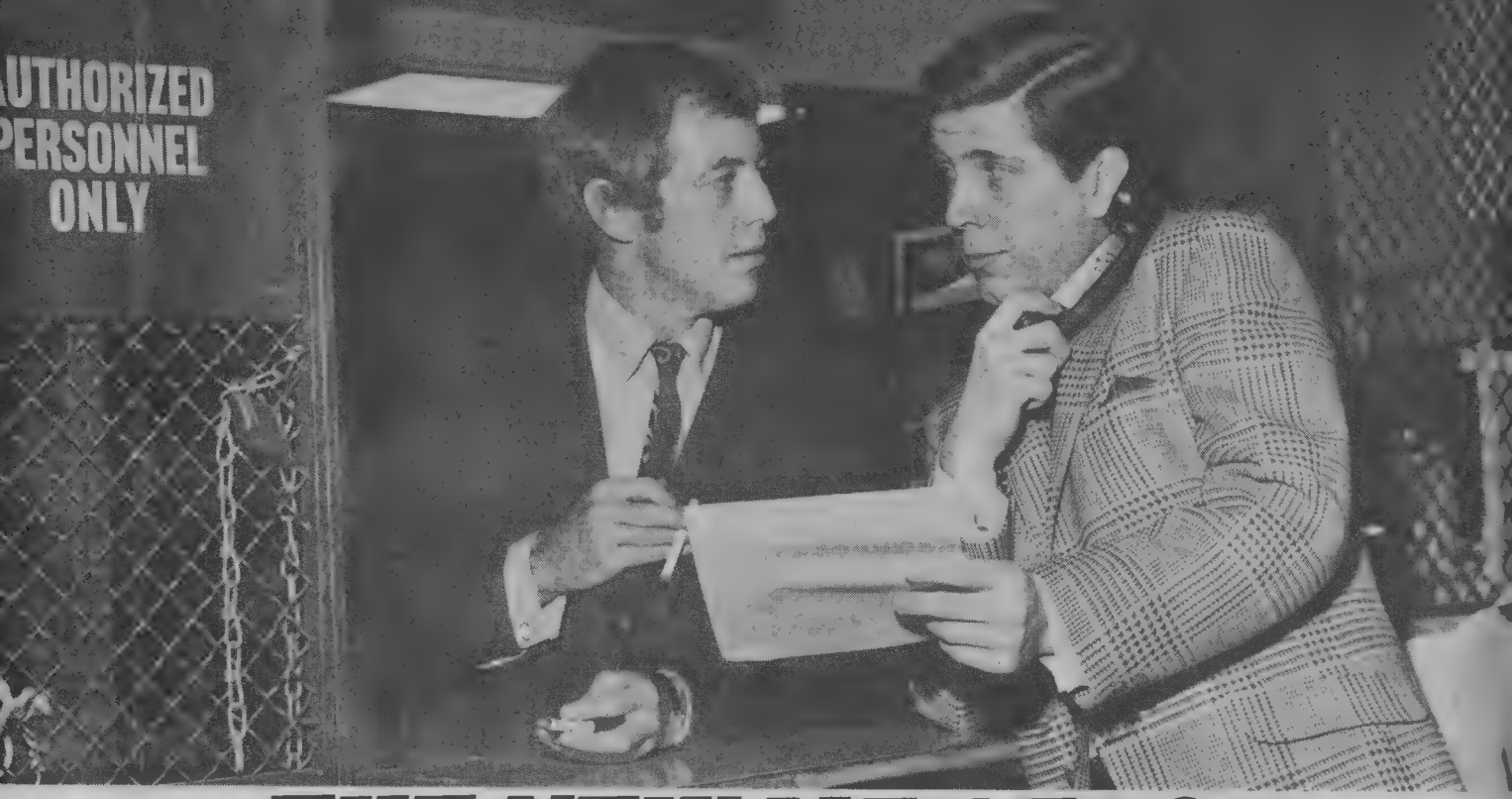
I HATE:
IRON
TIPS
GROMMITS
SET SCREWS
HAIR SPRAY

MONKEES LOVE AND HATE!

PETER

"I DON'T KEEP A LIST OF LIKES AND HATES AT THE TOP OF MY HEAD. IF I COME ACROSS SOMETHING IN A CONVERSATION, I KNOW INSTANTLY IF I LIKE IT OR NOT. BUT I JUST CAN'T REEL THEM OFF!"

MORE ABOUT THE MAD MONKEES NEXT MONTH IN FLIP—THE MONKEES' MAGAZINE!! ON SALE DECEMBER 8TH!!



THE NEW MEN FROM U.N.C.L.E. NOEL H. & RANDY K.

He's got a famous father, he was on the British Olympic team twice, he's a singing star, and he's the newest man from U.N.C.L.E.

His name, of course, is Noel Harrison—and he's a swinging and exciting new pop star to keep your twinkling eyes on!

Noel, who's been performing for 15 of his go-go 32 years, is a full-time believer in teens, and their causes. "There is a movement among kids, that they are growing up with more freedom than I had," he says. "When I was a teen, I was the 'silent generation.'"

Noel, who says that his encounters with teens "have been easy," believes that "things are going to change as a result of this." Feeling like he does, Noel shares many of the beliefs of another man from U.N.C.L.E., David McCallum. Noel and David are old friends. Before getting to Hollywood, the last time Noel had seen David was in 1959—when David was out-of-work!

Now, Noel and David are working on side-by-side stages—two fab friends who are in sympathy with teens both on and off stage.

He calls himself "The Infant From U.N.C.L.E.," his steady girl is Joey Heatherton, he also has a famous father, and he's a super-star in the making.

His name is Randy Kirby, and he's the youngest co-starring performer on any of the U.N.C.L.E. shows.

The six-foot, blond-haired, hazel-eyed son of Durward Kirby (Gary Moore's long-time co-star) has just come to Hollywood from a couple of successful years on Broadway, including a role in the big hit "Mame," which he had to leave after opening night for the U.N.C.L.E. job.

A guy who only enjoys "my kind of people" and hates "put-ons," Randy is one of the most eligible young men around. But because he admits to being "too shy for all the swinger-ringers" in Hollywood, he leads a pretty quiet life. He loves sailing, softball, and playing the guitar.

Still awed at being in the same company as Noel, Stefanie, David and Bob, Randy at the moment has but one wish. And that's to being promoted to being a full-time U.N.C.L.E. agent!

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"when i was 10 and fat!" (a very sad story)

By IAN WHITCOMB

I didn't really know I was fat until I was sent away to boarding school at the age of ten. You see up till then I had lived in a world of my own where everything was large and cuddly: my toys were like that, my bed was bouncy and you could get lost in it and have adventures finding your way out, and I always ate lashings of thick, juicy macaroni cheese. People were supposed to look like me . . . fat, but awfully happy.

When I fell off the bus and panted up to the school gates for my first term I suddenly bumped into a whole new world of skinny and athletic fellows with grim faces who talked only of Big Games against rival schools. The only games I'd played were cops and robbers and I'd always been the cop and the robber. So therefore I always won. But now here I was surrounded by thin boys who could leap and run like hares, who talked in hushed voices about their football heroes.

To be a sports champion was the ideal of all the boys at school. To get into a team was the immediate goal of all us new-bugs. That was to be accepted and to be known as somebody. Particularly I was dreading the hour when we'd all have to strip down in the changing room for the Sports Trials, for then would I be revealed in all my flabby honesty. Desperately I tried to cover up my terror by keeping up a stream of jokes and impersonations of the teachers for the amusement of the chaps in my dorm. I sang and I danced—anything to put off the thought of tomorrow.

But I never had to strip and reveal myself, and I never had to test myself and establish myself in the sporting field. What happened was this: we were all in the locker room changing for the sports trial. I'd pulled off my shirt and suddenly down slopped my enormous, old-fashioned, flannel undershirt. It stretched from my neck to almost my ankles. You see, it was my father's and it was miles too big.

At once there was a great howl of laughter from all assembled. I blushed crimson and felt awful. In fact, I was very close to tears. And then, as if the sky had come to my defense, it started to rain in buckets. "Trial cancelled!" shouted one of the prefects, "Free afternoon, you fellows." We all went into the big schoolroom and someone suggested a song. Then another chap suggested I sing it. So I did—that whole rainy afternoon I entertained them with song and story. At the end I passed round a cap for payment. I was rewarded with an assortment of jelly-babies, candy bars, toffee apples and other dubious suckers.

So I ate them, grew fatter, couldn't run at all. That made me learn more songs, earn more candy and so it went on. But I had established the fact that fatties could be fun and fun was great on rainy days when you couldn't play sport.

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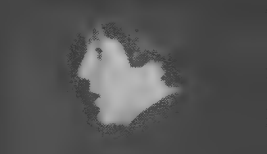

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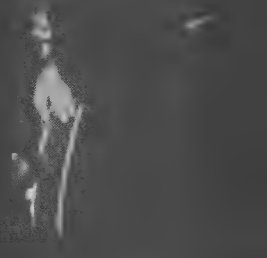

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"SECRET LOVES OF THE DAVE CLARK FIVE"

DAVE:

Dave would love to be an accomplished actor. It's his big dream to one day win an academy award.

Dave loves honesty and loyalty in people whether they are friends, or business acquaintances.

Dave loves water sports, particularly skiing.

Dave loves French girls . . . He thinks their accents are romantic and vacations there every chance he gets.

Dave loves to be with people rather than being alone.

MIKE:

Loves meeting people, especially girls.

Loves performing and is happiest when he is on stage. Although the audience may drown the DC 5 out with their screaming, Mike sings at the top of his voice. He feels he's cheating if he doesn't give his all.

Mike's favorite of all the songs the DC 5 has recorded is an instrumental entitled "Time" which is on their very first epic LP, "Glad All Over."

DENIS:

Loves to take midnight swims.

Loves writing songs and has been turning out some great new sounds over the past few months.

Loves the new home he just bought for his Mom and Dad.

LENNY:

Loves the new guitar he bought while in California. In fact, he spent an entire day when all the other boys went to the beach to sit in his hotel room with his guitar and write some songs.

Loves animals, and has several pets at home including two cats named Booboo and Titch.

RICK:

Is very fashion conscious and likes people who dress in good taste.

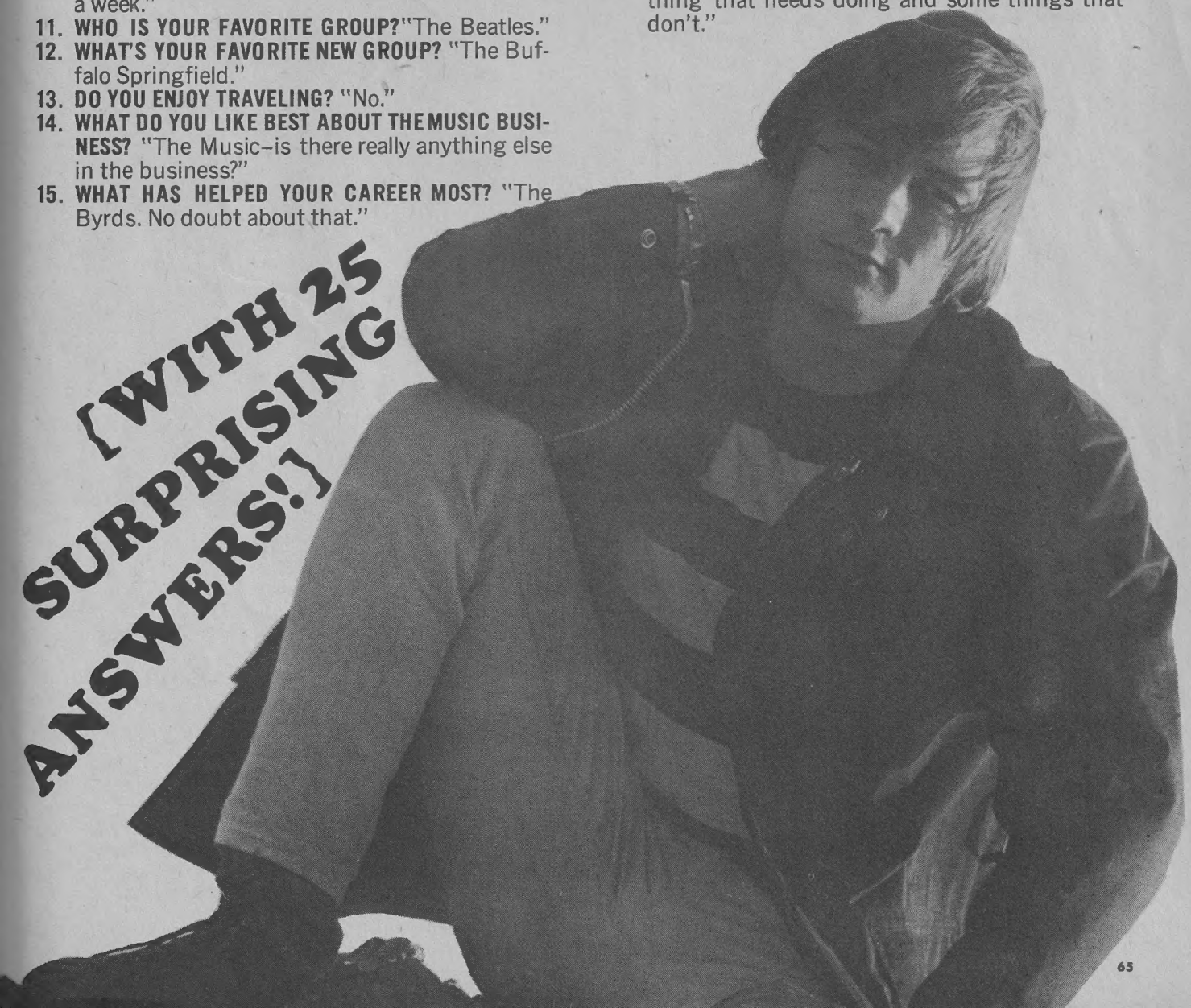
Loves to amuse the boys with funny stunts and skits. During their last tour, Rick took the trouble of dressing up as the hunchback of Notre Dame and looked so realistic that even though everyone knew it was Rick, he managed to give them a good scare (or should we say laugh).

FLIP

GENE CLARK IS HERE!

1. **DO YOU PLAY ANY INSTRUMENTS?** "Guitar and harmonica."
2. **WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE KIND OF CAR?** "A red Ferrari. I own one–that is, with the bank."
3. **DO YOU HAVE A STEADY GIRL?** "No. What does steady mean?"
4. **DO YOU STILL SEE ANY OF THE BYRDS?** "In mid-flight, often and feathery."
5. **DO YOU SEE YOUR FAMILY OFTEN?** "No, but I call them frequently."
6. **DO YOU HAVE ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS?** "I'm the second oldest in a family of 13. They are very nice people, which is good for all of us. It gives us strength."
7. **WHAT KIND OF CHILDHOOD DID YOU HAVE?** "Crowded."
8. **DIDN'T YOU ONCE APPEAR AS "GENE CLARK AND THE GROUP?"** "Yes, a few friends and I played at The Whiskey a Go Go in Hollywood for ten days."
9. **WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GROUP?** "We weren't formally a group–we were all at loose ends and worked up arrangements for some songs I'd written."
10. **ARE YOU STILL WRITING SONGS?** "Yes, about two a week."
11. **WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE GROUP?** "The Beatles."
12. **WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE NEW GROUP?** "The Buffalo Springfield."
13. **DO YOU ENJOY TRAVELING?** "No."
14. **WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST ABOUT THE MUSIC BUSINESS?** "The Music–is there really anything else in the business?"
15. **WHAT HAS HELPED YOUR CAREER MOST?** "The Byrds. No doubt about that."
16. **DID YOU ENJOY TOURING ENGLAND?** "England was fine, but the touring wasn't."
17. **WHAT'S THE BIGGEST ADVANTAGE OF NOT BEING WITH THE BYRDS ANYMORE?** "The silence."
18. **WHAT IS YOUR FULL REAL NAME?** "Harold Eugene Clark."
19. **WHY ARE YOU CALLED GENE?** "I don't know."
20. **WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR EYES?** "Red."
21. **ARE YOU GOING TO RECORD BY YOURSELF?** "Yes."
22. **WHY DON'T YOU DO SOME CONCERTS?** "I'm not ready yet."
23. **ARE YOU MARRIED?** "I hope not."
24. **DO YOU HAVE ANY PETS?** "A tree frog."
25. **WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME?** "Anything that needs doing and some things that don't."

[WITH 25 SURPRISING ANSWERS!]



who is the mystery hermit?

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I think the 6th Hermit is .....

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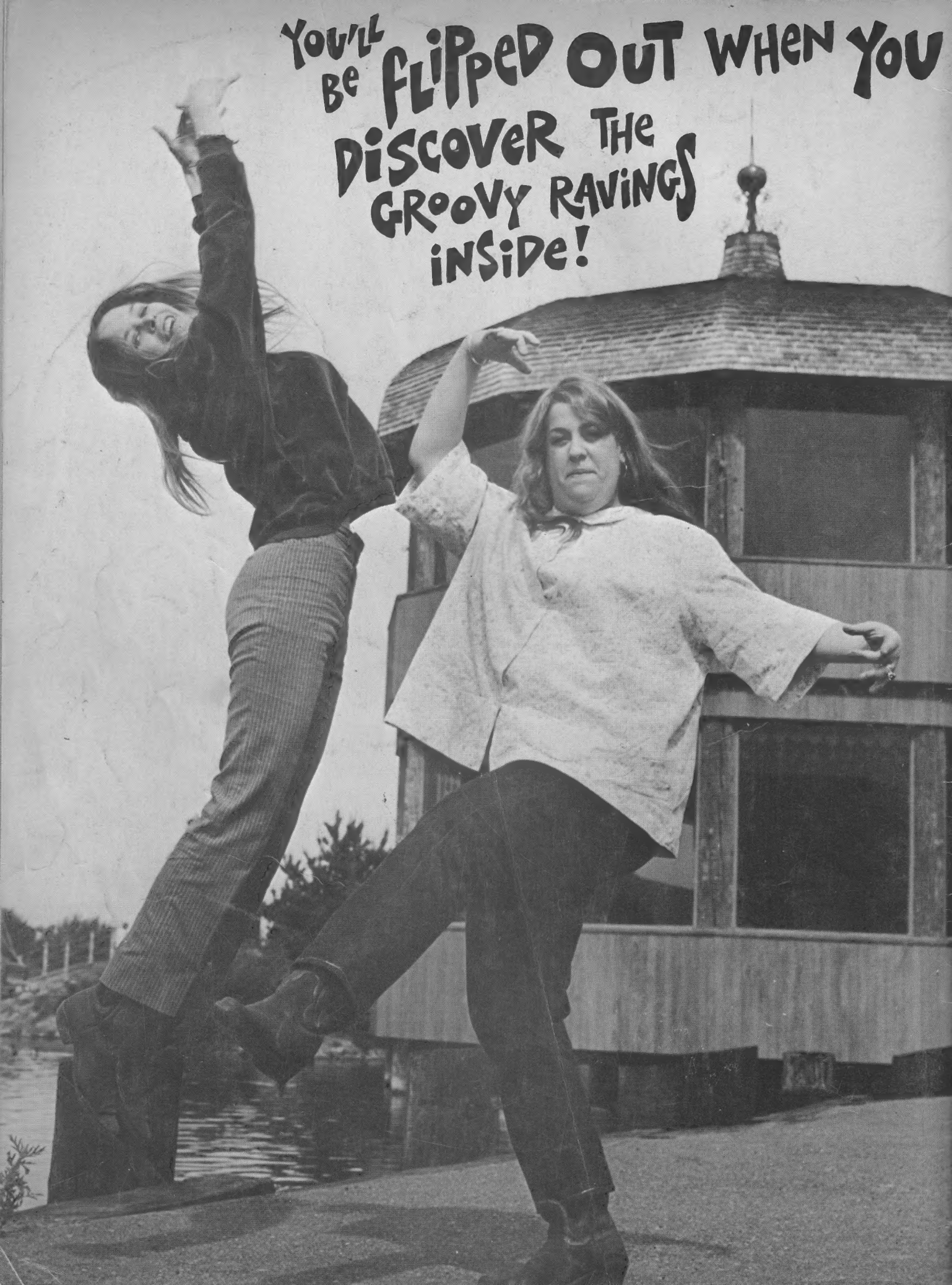
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